Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 10, 1962 / 25¢

BEYOND THE CUBAN CRISIS

By Roscoe Drummond

BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

Autumn Reading in Review

Communications Features by Hartzell Spence, John Tebbel, Peter Bart, L.L.L. Golden, and others

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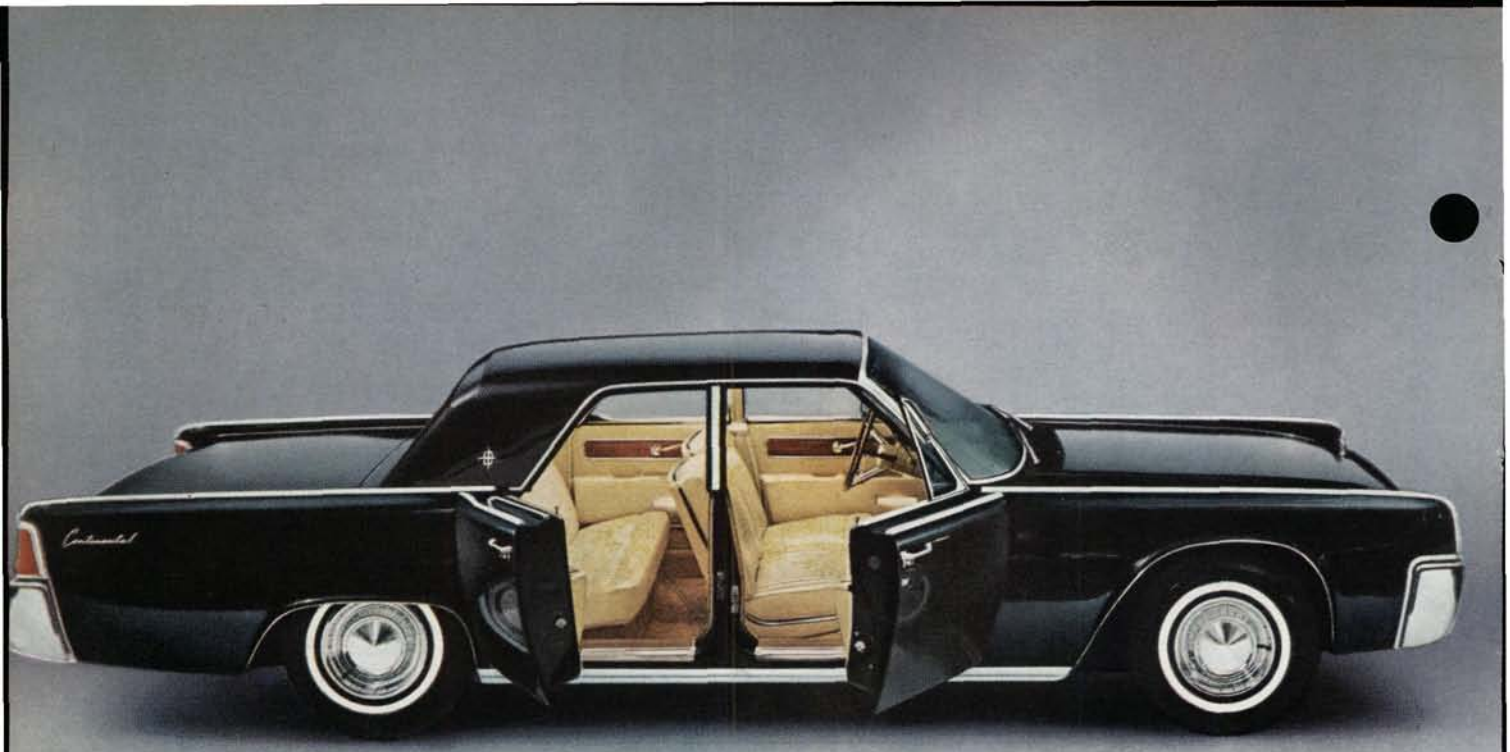

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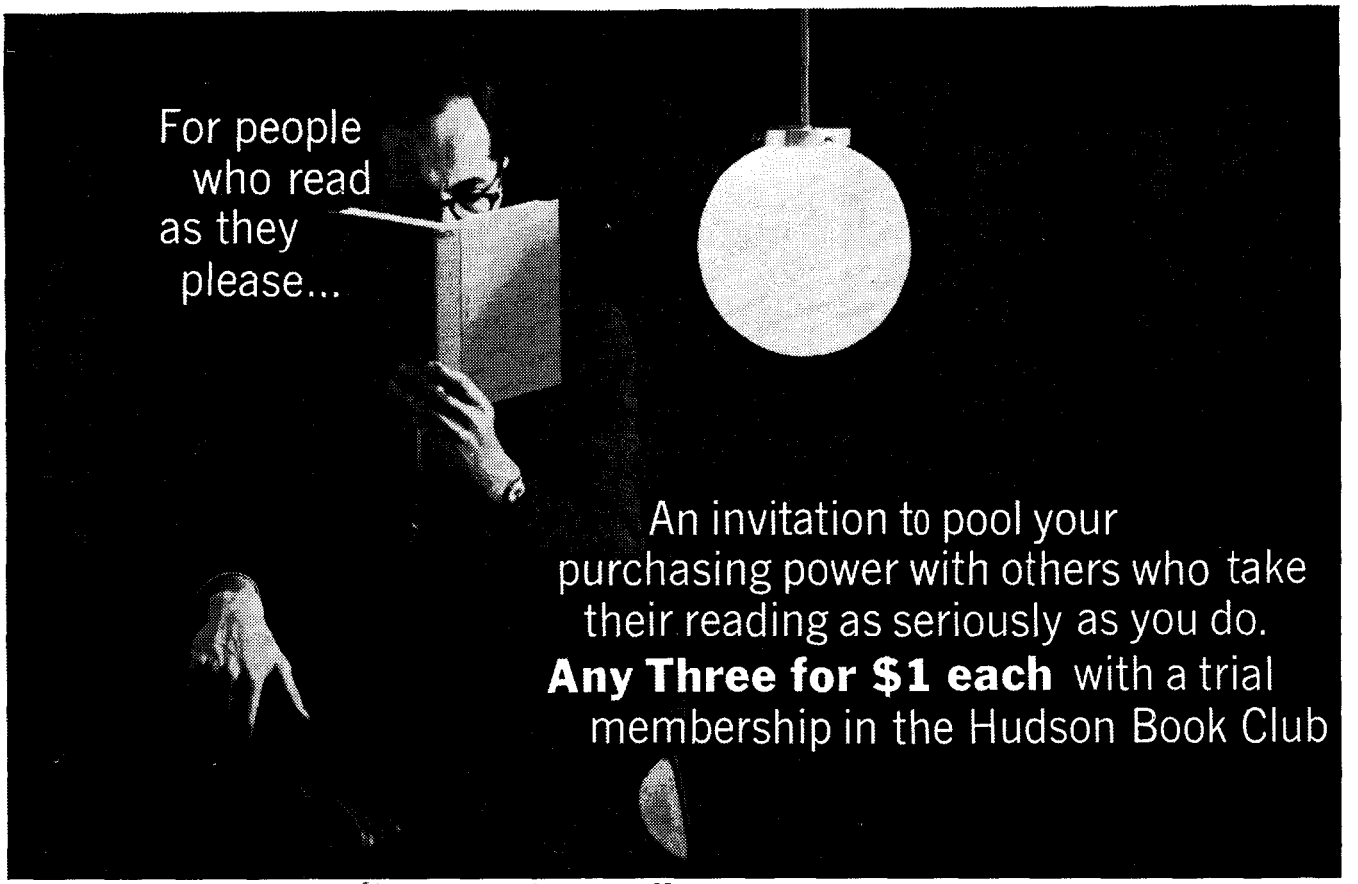
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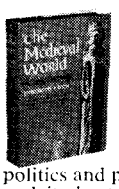

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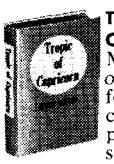

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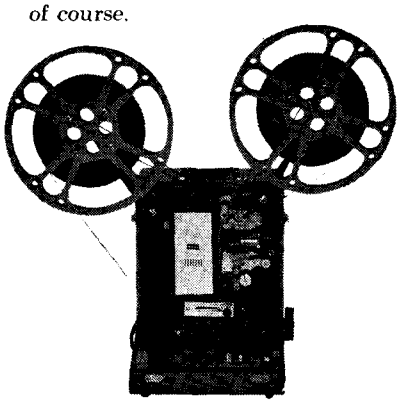

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Blueprint Special

Edited by Martin Levin

INSPIRATION BREAK

ANYONE who believes that this country is not grimly set on forging ahead in space exploration, atomic research, and other advanced technological fields is just not reading the Help Wanted advertisements in the Sunday newspapers. There are so many urgent pleas in the *New York Times* each week, asking piteously for Space Engineers, Weapons Systems Analysts, Solid State Circuitists, Analytical Engineers, Bioscientists, etc., that I have been thinking of giving up writing and learning to count. Moreover, the research and engineering installations are doing everything they can to offer "extras" with employment. "Work where Gracious Living goes with the job," one company's advertisement says. In a recent Sunday *Times*, this kind of inducement reached some sort of high in an advertisement run by Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corporation, of Bethpage, Long Island.

Three columns wide and thirteen inches deep, this come-on, headed "Engineering at Grumman," featured a photograph of four men, obviously mathematicians and engineers, at lunch. One was scribbling a complicated equation on the tablecloth, and the other three were leaning toward him in total absorption. Below that picture were the words "Inspiration Break," followed by this pace-setting text:

"A restaurant is hardly the place for expressing the radiation characteristics of an antenna, but that's how it goes at Grumman. Patrons at restaurants in and around Bethpage, L.I., can easily spot Grumman engineers who, usually in groups of three or four, are engrossed in some theoretical discussion. While no statistics are available it is the Grumman impression that many an inspiration to the solution of a knotty technical problem has occurred off the Company premises. . . ." Later the text continued, "We have found that the informal approach breeds first class engineering ideas. Engineers seeking this kind of environment for their own abilities are cordially urged to consider the following responsible positions. . . ."

Surely, I thought as I read this, Grumman has put its calipers on the coming trend in the engineering field. Before long, every company will be following suit, and patrons at restaurants in and around Bethpage, L.I., will be witnessing tableaux much as follows:

SCENE: The Electronic Inn, a popular inspiration-break rendezvous for engineers in and around the Bethpage area. Four alert, bespectacled engineers — Poops, Stoops, Grubber, and Fubber — are seated at a table set with Wedgwood, Libby, Wm. Rogers, and Eberhard Faber.

POOPS: Well, men, what'll it be today? I'll start with a triple martini.

STOOPS AND GRUBBER: Same.

FUBBER: Triple margarita, hold the salt. I've got a tough stress to analyze today, and I want to be at my best. Say, where's Lubber?

POOPS: He won't be with us today. I fired him this morning. Just wasn't working out. Last month I caught him eating in the company cafeteria three times—and this morning I found him at his desk during coffee break! Inconceivable, isn't it?

FUBBER: I knew he wasn't company material the first time I looked at his sleeves. They were shiny from working at his desk.

(*The waitress has brought their drinks.*)

POOPS: Down the hatch, lads.

FUBBER: Any prospects for a replacement?

POOPS: Yeah, a kid staggered in this morning. Ph.D. in Stress Analysis from Columbia—but apparently he just squeaked through. I called the dean, and he said this kid had cut more classes than anybody in the history of the university. Very promising. He had such a hangover this morning during the interview I had to send him to the infirmary for oxygen. Waitress, four more! What are you working on there, Stoops?

STOOPS: I've been helping Fubber analyze thish shtresh of hish. I shink maybe another drink and I'll have it licked.

POOPS: Four more, Miss.

(*A trembling young man, bloodshot of eye, approaches. This is Dubber, the new man.*)

Shiddown, boy, and meet your new engineer associates.

(*The youth falls into a chair.*)

DUBBER: Could . . . could I have a drink before I faint?

POOPS: See? I told you he was company material. Mish! Drinks all around! A quadruple for our new man!

STOOPS: (*Taking a pair of scissors out of his pocket, he cuts the equation he has been working out of the tablecloth and hands it to Poops.*) Here, chief. I think we've sholved it.

POOPS: (*Takes the scrap of cloth and throws it to the hostess.*) Here, cutie, have thish photostated. Congratulations, Shtoops. I'm gonna show this t the Big Boss himself, if I can find him sober.

THE CURTAIN FALLS

(*Also Poops, Stoops, Fubber, Grubber, and Dubber.*)

—RICHARD GEHMAN.

• • •

THE CHORTLE

THERE'S much to be said for the chortle. Yet how much have you heard about the chortle lately? Very little, I'll wager. Everybody's afraid to touch the subject. But not I. Ready?

The beauty of the chortle lies in the very make-up of the word. "Chortle" is the blending of two words, "chuckle" and "snort." A good chortle lasts anywhere from two to eight seconds.

It is this time-delaying element (while you are safely chortling away) which offers you, the chortler, the opportunity to 1) weigh what has been said or done; 2) check the more impetuous reactions of others; 3) and this is important, swing from your chortle into a full chuckle or into a full snort; 4) if the situation merits it, work up to a real, honest belly laugh or work down to out-and-out mockery.

The advantage of the chortle is that you show spontaneity in grasping a situation before turning to more accented committment — having had proper time to size up the situation before really committing yourself.

The chortle can be used in any number of situations. Say the boss comes up to the water cooler to join your group and he says something ambiguous. (You respond quickly with a chortle and go right on chortling away until it's safe to commit yourself one way or the other, depending on how your employer reacts to the timid or brazen or witty or what-have-you responses of your more impetuous fellow employees.) Say you are throwing a rather noisy masquerade party and a man dressed as a cop appears at the door. Say your bridge partner ups your spade bid to six. Say you come home and find your wife having tea with a strange man. Say someone cracks a joke. Say — well, take *any* situation which demands an immediate response from you and yet begs time to evaluate —to play it safe before irrevocably committing yourself.

But don't take my word for it. Try the chortle yourself. Only, for gosh sake, don't chortle when I chortle or we'll never get any place.

—CHARLES RUFFING.

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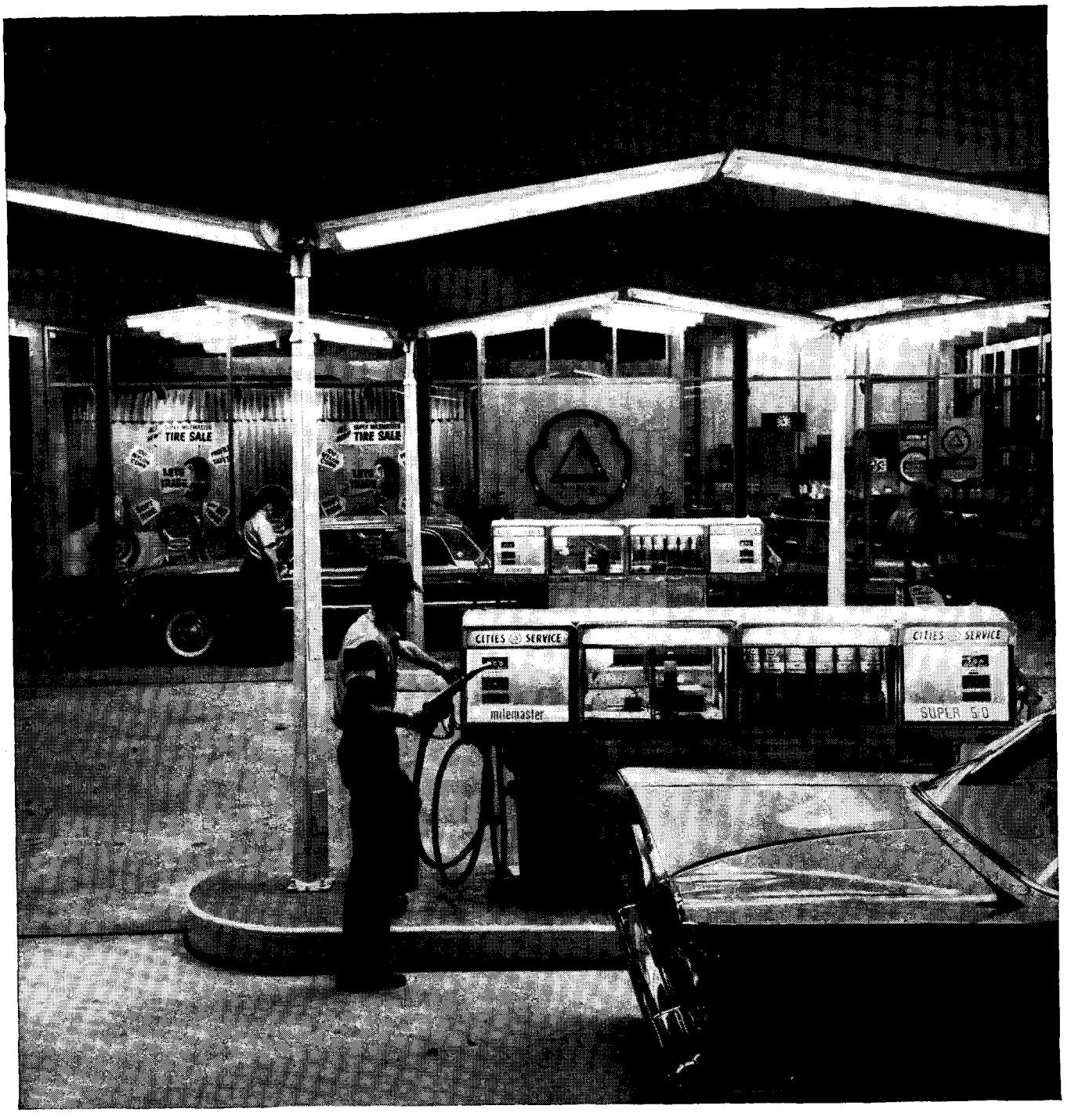

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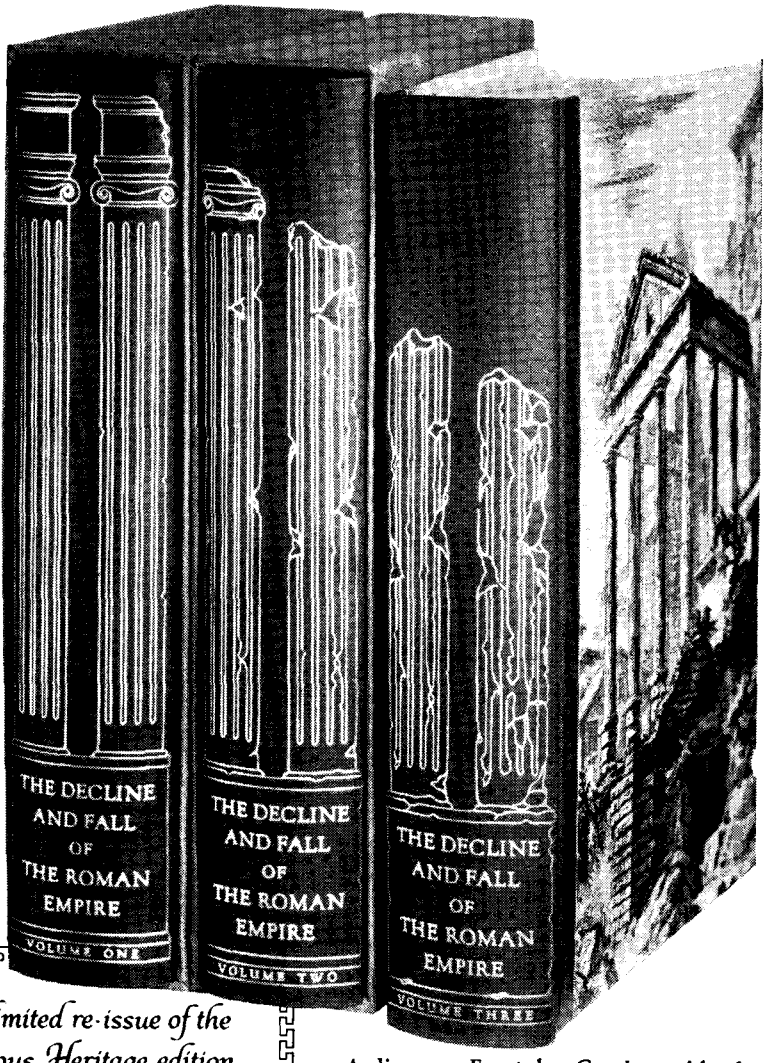
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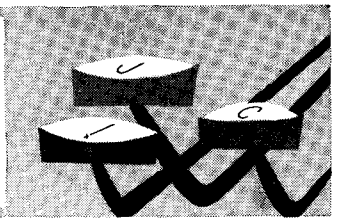
Manner of Speaking



EGOS AND OUTLETS: I am, I am forced to confess, a profane driver. The habit is reflexive and, therefore, requires no effort of mind in itself, but over the years I have managed to embelish my reflexes with a reasonably broad and vigorous repertoire of character sketches, genealogies, and probable destinies having to do with that fool just ahead of me.

In the beginning, my wife had a number of comments of her own to make about my habit, most of them unfavorable. Patiently, I pointed out to her the value of the habit. All of us, I explained in sweet reason, have certain aggressive instincts that need to be gratified. And who knows by what devious turns the psyche compensates for its frustrations? Were I to stop taking out my aggressions behind the wheel, I might have to take them home with me. It was conceivable—at least conceivable, as well as a touch likely, I suggested—that I might become a wife-beater in compensation. As it was, I called upon her to testify that I was the unfailing spirit of sweetness and serene patience at home largely because I purified the dross of my spirit while driving. I pointed out, further, that I never stuck my head out the window. My comments were for the delectation of my own spirit. And since they passed unheard by those stupid jerks to whom they were addressed, I could hardly be said to have offended them. By such therapies, I concluded, does the psyche maintain its delicate balance and I—thank you very much—would remain profane behind the wheel.

In time, however, there began to be small baggages in the rear seat, and I had to endure a painful lesson. I had left our car with the dealer and he had lent us a convertible that the kids promply dubbed a "summer car." Myra, then about twenty months old and an endless chatterer, was in a passion about driving with the top down. Off we went in joy until a red light required me to stop and wait behind another top-down convertible, at which point Myra was instantly on her feet in the back seat shrilling a fair imitation of Daddy's billingsgate at the Mongolian son of a Baltimore barmaid who was stopped in front of us. In fact what she let out was a smear of common Middle English that stained several blocks of the summer air.

My wife, bless her, let it pass with a look that was oration enough. Nor did I say anything. My ignominy occurred in the fact that for months I had to seek out occasions that would formerly have invited invective and, foregoing all release of spirit, say as loudly, as emphatically, and as vituperatively as I could: "JUMP-ING JEE-HOS-O-PHAT!"

Be it said to Myra's credit that she knew a good mouthful of bang when she had it and was not to be switched easily, no matter what enthusiastic emphasis I might contrive for "Jumping Jehosophat." Either that or she was rubbing it in. Either way, it was well into the fall before I had managed to switch her back-seat fishwifery to my pallid substitution.

Obviously, I began to grow more and more sour in consequence of my trauma and deprivation. I believe I was saved from becoming a wife beater only by the blessed fact that I had *SR* readers to brawl with. My thanks to them for every nasty letter I was able to snarl into the wastebasket unanswered. After a day with the zoo calls of the mailbag, I was prepared to go home in whole serenity. My life was joy. The calm of our hearthside might even have grown proverbial.

THEN, bit by bit, clouds began to gather, at least such puffs as may be squeezed about a hearthside. My wife began saying, "Stop pacing!" To which, of course, there can be no answer but "Who's pacing?" Which leads, seriatim, to "You are" and "I am not" and *da capo*.

In time, even I had to become aware that something was wrong, and after careful reflection I had no choice but to blame *SR*'s readers, at least as many as are letter writers. I realized with dismay that they weren't snarling with the happy abandon of a few years back. Little did I think I should live to see the day when *SR*'s letter writers would become pallid with generosity and vague with benignity. What on earth was the editorial ego to do for outlets for its aggressions? I refused to go through that "Jumping Jehosophat" routine again.

In fact the best I could do was to think back to the days when there were honest-to-vitriol, snake-tongued, swivel-toothed, caterwauling letter writers in the land and to get back my serene balance by writing them the

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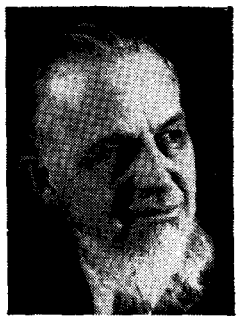

REX STOUT

GAMBIT

"Nero Wolfe is present again in a precise, dry exercise called *Gambit*....Archie Goodwin, who doesn't seem to favor martinis but who could teach them dryness, manages the narration and gives us yet further occasion to be grateful for the existence of Rex Stout."—JAMES SANDOE, *N.Y. Herald Tribune*

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letters I wish I had mailed but didn't. Like my release of spirit behind the wheel, these are intended for no one's specific hearing, but as my soul's therapy, freely offered to any man woman, or child who can find his or her own therapy in the game. Perhaps some day I shall have occasion to write such letters again. And perhaps then I may even mail them. The following are sample drafts I shall hope to improve upon when the time comes.

Dear A:

I doubt that I could communicate to you what is wrong with your letter, but let me suggest that a transcript of your school grades would probably provide a clue.

Yours truly,

Dear B:

I was joking. I really do hold beauty in high regard. Truth is nice, too.

Yours truly,

Dear C:

You are right about me. My troube is that I hate beauty. I can hardly pass a sunset without throwing stones at it. In fact, I know no good of my character and I am both grateful and pleasantly bemused that you should take the time to correct it in such detail.

Yours truly,

Dear D:

Your letter, I believe, is entirely within your rights as a citizen. I know of nothing in the Constitution that requires a man to think before writing.

Yours truly,

Dear E:

No, I did not reject your poem because it was about God. I rejected it because you were unequal to the subject. I suggest that you try being equal to, say, a grasshopper first. The universe will not be rushed upon.

Yours truly,

Dear F:

Thank you for "Love Poem." I am glad you have a husband and that you favor the continuity of the human race. Perhaps the main weakness of the poem, since you ask, is that the husband is too obviously your own.

Yours truly,

—JOHN CIARDI.

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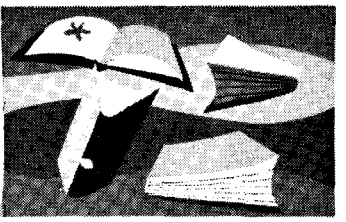
Trade Winds



WE'VE HEARD the question asked several times lately: "In times like these, when the whole world seems seized with insanity, what kind of books can you read?" The implication is that escapist books seem trivial and irrelevant; the theme and message of many contemporary nonfiction books seem as confused as the times; the so-called inspirational books seem shallow and

vacuous; even great literature seems out of tune. What are the books that will help a person face reality without shrinking from it, or fretting about it with impotent anxiety? Latest figures show that slightly over 60 per cent of the population in the country have religious affiliations they can turn to, but that leaves a significant 40 per cent without any hitching post except their own self-reliance. When giant forces seem to be raging out of control, the individual can only do the best he can. Beyond that, he can only, in Margaret Fuller's phrase, "accept the universe," but this is a chore that becomes amazingly difficult in the nuclear age.

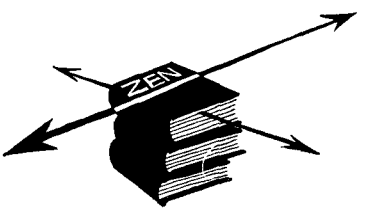
FOR WHAT it is worth, we are passing along comment on some random books which we have found personally to bring rich insights to help cope with seemingly insurmountable problems. They deal mainly with man's relationship with the cosmos, which happens to be a definition of religion given by George Christian Anderson. In that sense, a good many of them could be considered religious in nature. But in another sense, they are probing, searching, and objective books, books without sectarian dogma. Their selection is purely arbitrary and personal.

IN 1947, an incisive book by Lecomte du Nouy, "Human Destiny," found itself suddenly on the best-seller lists. In it, the late French scientist brought all his erudition and advanced scientific learning to bear on the theory that the strictly materialistic theory of the universe is totally untenable. He writes about it with articulate passion, and with the swift, sure knowledge of scientific facts behind him. "The agnostic and the atheist," he writes, "do not seem to be in the least disturbed by the fact that our entire organized living universe become incomprehensible without the hypothesis of God. Their belief in some physical elements, of which they know very little, has all the earmarks of an irrational faith, but they are not aware of it." He argues for moral development to keep pace with the conquest of nature and says there needs to be a ". . . reconciliation of the rational—science—with the irrational—faith."

It is a book of sinew and power.

ANOTHER BOOK that deals soberly with man's problems in the confused modern world is George Christian Anderson's "Man's Right to be Human." It examines both religion and psychiatry without prejudice, but with considerable respect for both. "Our goal should not be peace of mind," he writes, "but strength of mind. . . . Prayer is an adventure in trust and not merely the expectation of a favor." He goes on to point out that the conquest of inner space is as tough and challenging as that of outer space.

TWO BOOKS on Zen Buddhism join together to acquaint the Western mind with the total acceptance of the uni-



verse reflected in that philosophy. They are "Zen for the West" and "Zen Buddhism," the former by Sohaku Ogata and the latter by his teacher, D. T. Suzuki. "What is meant by saying that people treat great disaster as they treat their bodies?" Ogata translates from the writings of Lao-tsu. "Great disaster comes to them because they are conscious of their bodies. When they are not so conscious, what disaster can bother them?"

Suzuki, speaking of the Buddhist search for the tranquility of "emptiness," writes: "So long as this world, as conceived by the human mind, is a realm of opposites, there is no way to escape from it and to enter a world of

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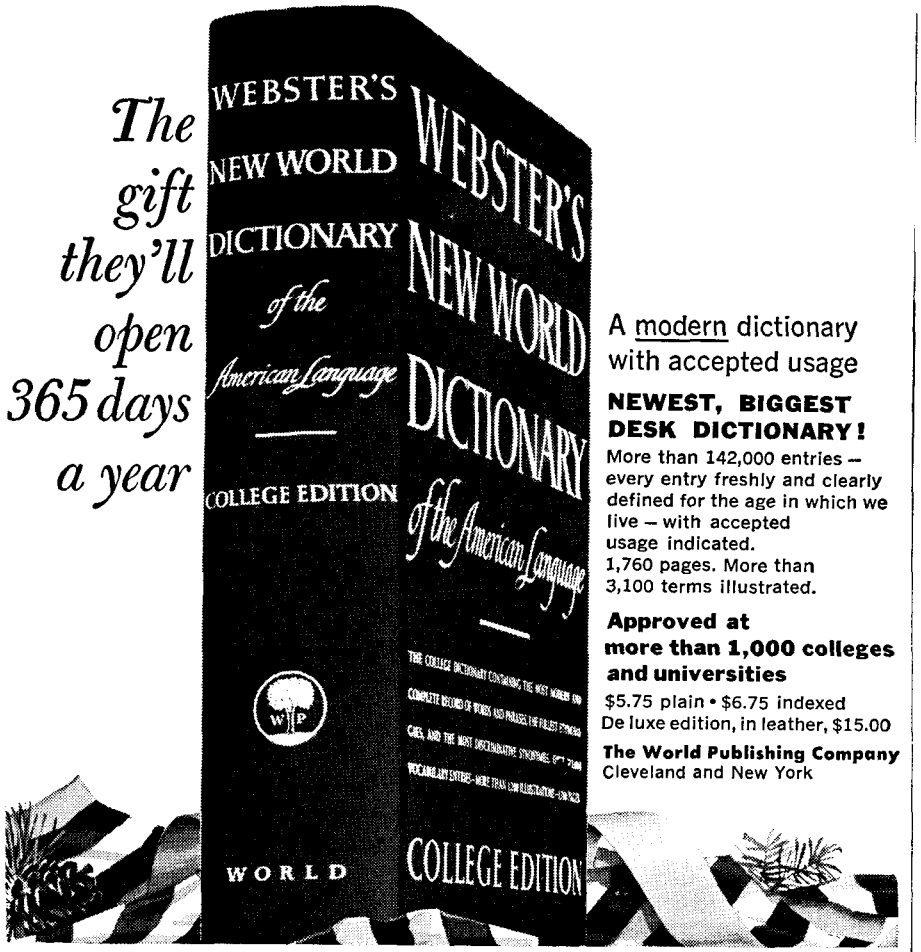

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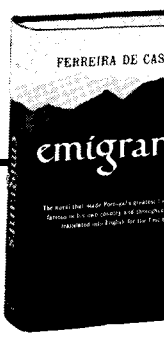

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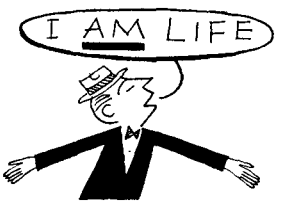
emptiness where all opposites are supposed to merge." To him, the unity of opposites is paramount; the eternal paradoxes found in life can be harmonized.



ALAN WATTS, the masterful exponent of Eastern thought and philosophy, has written brilliantly in many books of man and the universe over and above the vortex of everyday living and political turmoil. He believes in the Taoist philosophy of nature, feeling that it is more than a theoretical system. "It is primarily a way of life," he writes in "Nature, Man, and Woman," in which the original sense of the seamless unity of nature is restored without the loss of individual consciousness. It involves a new style of human action in relation to the environment."

In expressing the essence of his thoughts, he goes on to say: "One does not *face* life anymore; one simply *is* it."

ALDOUS HUXLEY once wrote: "There comes a time when one asks even of Shakespeare, even of Beethoven, is this all?" This is the key to a wise and lucid book by Huston Smith, "The Religions of Man." In it, the professor of philosophy at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology writes dispassionately of the great religions of the world, including Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Islam, Judaism. He finds a harmony and relationship between all religions, in spite of their many differences. He urges us to listen to and evaluate the faiths of others. "Those who listen in the present world," he writes, "work for peace, a peace built not upon eccle-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1492)

GILBERT KLINGEL:
(THE) OCEAN ISLAND

(Suggested by Mrs. Martin Sokolow)

I know* that the females of this lizard congregated when pregnant and deposited their eggs in a communal burrow, each clutch in a separate compartment—a type of reptilian maternity ward, as it were; a most unorthodox proceeding for lizards!

*Inserted to get the K.

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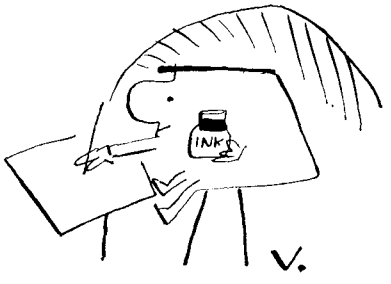
siastical or political empire, but upon understanding and the mutual involvement in the lives of others that this brings. For understanding, at least in realms as inherently noble as the great faiths of mankind, brings respect, and respect prepares the way for a higher power, love—the only power that can quench the flames of fear, suspicion, and prejudice, and provide the means by which the peoples of this great earth can come to know one another."

Another provocative and searching book is "The Western Mind in Transition," by Franz Alexander, M.D., in which the prominent California psychiatrist examines with wisdom the problems of modern man. He confirms the necessity of man's reaching beyond himself when he writes: "Knowledge, no matter how obtained, depends on man's limited faculties for obtaining knowledge." He goes on to point out that it is not necessarily nature which is imperfect, but that the correspondence between nature and our reasoning apparatus is imperfect. He has a high regard for science, but also a sharp awareness of its limitations.

THERE ARE MANY OTHERS that we keep on a well-thumbed bookshelf. There is Lin Yutang's "The Importance of Understanding," which quotes in one portion: "The Great [Universe] gives me this form, this toil in manhood, this repose in old age, this rest in death. And surely that which is such a kind arbiter of my life is the best arbiter of my death." And Eric Fromm's "The Art of Loving," which states that love is the only sane and satisfactory answer to the problem of human existence. And Thoreau and Emerson, who seem to stand above all others in bringing rational thought to bear on today's irrational world.

None of these books offer palliatives or opiates, but they do offer those fragmentary insights which are so helpful in times of crisis. It was Emerson who said that we should not pray for the avoidance of danger; we should pray for the courage to put up with it. Nothing could be more appropriate at this time. —JOHN G. FULLER.



CHILDREN AND THE BOMB

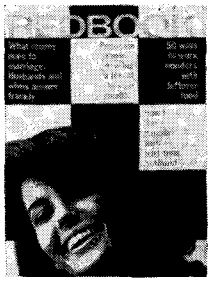
For the first time in history everyone—even the smallest child—knows that the world may suddenly come to an end. How are children learning to live with this awesome fact? And what can parents do to help them face it?

PESTICIDE DANGERS: THE FEARS, THE FACTS

Chemical sprays protect our crops from insects, but they also can harm human beings. Rachel Carson's new book, "Silent Spring," has documented the great dangers. Redbook reveals some important facts concerning the problem, and what should—and can—be done to safeguard our harvest and ourselves right now.

LITTLE ROCK: FIVE YEARS LATER

Negro graduates, Negro students, white classmates, teachers, townspeople and Governor Faubus himself, all talk about what has really happened since 1957, the year of the famous school crisis.



November

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BEYOND THE CUBAN CRISIS

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

ALL the firepower at the disposal of the Pentagon will not be equal to keeping Communism from penetrating perilously to the other nations of Latin America.

The action which President Kennedy took to remove Soviet offensive weapons from Cuba was all to the good. But it does not reach to the largest objective. The danger is that after we have liquidated the threat of military attack, wherever in this hemisphere that threat may appear, we will think we have ended the danger of Communist expansion.

Guns will not win that kind of war.

Castro can be quarantined by force, but Communism cannot be quarantined by force. We face, therefore, the possibility of winning the battle against Castro but losing the war against Communism in the whole Western Hemisphere unless we realize that the only weapons equal to the larger threat are economic and political and that, apart from subversion, the enemy is economic stagnation and explosive social frustration, both of which are on the march across the whole face of South America.

This is why I venture to report, on the basis of a month-long trip to Peru, Chile, Argentina, and Brazil (which embrace nine-tenths of the continent and more than half of its exploding population of 214,000,000 people), that while force may have been needed to shield Latin America from Soviet power in Cuba, economic and political action is needed to shield the whole of South America from Communism's massive effort to exploit grave social injustice.

These actions are:

1) All-out support for a far more energetic administration of the tardy, urgent, essential effort to get the Alliance for Progress off the ground—this heroic effort to turn economic despair into economic hope before economic despair turns Latin America into nearly total turmoil.

2) Clear evidence to prove that the United States intends to be an active ally of the resurgent Latin American democracies—and they are resurgent despite superficial setbacks—and to show that the U.S. is just as determined to resist dictatorship of the right as it is to resist dictatorship of the left.

Any impression that the Latin American people want military dictatorship as a means of political stability is a propaganda myth. The Cuban people hated Batista, as was shown by the support they gave to Castro until he trampled on his promises to create a genuinely democratic government. I know from firsthand experience that the people of Peru have no love for the military junta, and the stalwart, even belligerent Argentinians will resort to civil war before they see another military regime fastened onto their nation on the pretense of fighting Peronism. We tend, I think, to overlook the tremendous progress which the Latin American people have made in the past decade in ridding themselves of the old-style dynastic military dictatorships. In this period alone the dictatorships of Peron in Argentina, Vargas in Brazil, Odrea in Peru, Rojas in Columbia, Perez in Venezuela, Trujillo in the Dominican Republic, and Batista in Cuba have crumbled and disappeared.

Only three of the old dictators remain—in Paraguay, Haiti, and Nicaragua. Added to them is the repressive, Soviet-dominated regime of Fidel Castro, who got to power while lying about his Communist sympathies. This is a formidable array of Latin American dictatorships which have been overthrown since the end of World War II. It is impressive proof of the determination of the Latin American people to win their freedom and to enjoy democratic institutions. They are not going to take kindly to new military dictatorship if they can help it.

I think it is vital that the United States make itself the positive ally of the democratic movement everywhere in the Western Hemisphere and do so by refusing to be a working partner with the militarists.

It will not be easy. Here are the reasons:

NOT one of the newly emergent democracies has the political stability to tackle securely the problems of more rapid economic growth. The still fragile democratic institutions, as events in Venezuela, Peru, Argentina, and Brazil clearly show, need a period of testing and tempering. But such a period of calm and consolidation is not in sight. These nascent democracies and semi-democracies must at once confront all the political tensions inescapably involved in seeking both wide social reform—fairer taxes, better schools, better health and housing—and accelerated economic development.

It is obvious that if the elected and semi-elected governments of South America do not overtake these pressing social and economic problems, these problems will overtake them—with disastrous results.

To make it even more difficult, everywhere in the hemisphere the Communists and that part of the extreme left willing to work with them are pursuing a crafty, cynical and ruthless strategy. The Communists do not hesitate to align themselves with the extreme right—whether it be the military junta in Peru or the Peronists in Argentina. Their purpose is to undermine the liberal democratic parties and keep them from power.

They know that the democratic parties are seeking to deal constructively with the most pressing social and economic needs. They know that when such governments are

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in power and are making headway the Communist political quack will never be called to take over. This is why the Latin American Communists either openly ally themselves with the reactionary right or are delighted when the military intervene and upset the elected regimes, for the militarists, however well-intentioned, are the weaker opponents of the Communists.

In view of the entrenched power of the oligarchies in some of the countries and the disenchantment of millions of underprivileged people in most of the countries, the Communists find ways to exploit both. Here is the way one Latin American described the tactic to me:

"Many of the rich want subversion, hoping a military dictatorship will re-establish their privileges.

"The extremists want subversion, expecting to take the leadership of an antimilitary movement which is bound to ensue.

"The poor want subversion, dreaming that destruction of the established order will open the way to a better world in the misunderstanding that economic development is not a fast-growing tree."

RECENTLY I had the opportunity to attend, in Salvador, Brazil, the Conference on Tensions in Economic Development and to discuss with some seventy Latin American political leaders, economists, educators, and industrialists the role of the military in the life of the countries of South America. They were virtually unanimous on these views:

That military governments are usually a serious deterrent to economic growth.

That in many countries the extreme right does not hesitate to enlist the army as a weapon of survival by means of so-called preventative coups.

That an unnecessary armaments race in Latin America, outdated by modern weapons, extravagantly increases military budgets at the expense of social and economic needs.

That swollen military budgets can and should be cut in order to build schools more rapidly, provide teachers for millions of illiterate people, and thus create the skills for a better industry and farm economy.

That on occasion the generals may be a moderating power preventing national chaos and, for a time, producing surface stability. But the military dictatorships offer no durable solution to social problems and unwittingly prepare the ground for the advent of Communism by conditioning the public to accept the repressions which are its essential ingredient.

Salvador de Madariaga, the Spanish historian and philosopher, an implacable opponent of Franco, puts a shaft of light on this matter in his book "Latin America Between the Eagle and the Bear." He writes:

"The dictator and his country's Communist party collaborate in opposition to grind out of existence the middle-way parties.

"The longer the dictator lasts, the stronger grows the Communist party of his country and the brighter its chances of success when the dictator falls.

"The ease with which Castro veered from a revolution which he presented as a democratic one to one the Communist character of which is now undeniable was due to the long repression inflicted on the Cuban people by Batista."

Little wonder that, under these circumstances, the Communist threat is a very serious one throughout Latin America. The liberal democratic government in Venezuela is being battered from left to right. The conservative democratic government in Chile is fighting for its life against the growing power of the extreme left. None of the new democracies is secure.

What will be the attitude of the United States toward the prospect of a military coup in Argentina or Brazil or elsewhere? Will we simply pause wryly and then resume

—*Pitkin (from Monkmeyer).*

CUBA—Typical slum street and houses.

—*Monkmeyer.*

PERU—Even muddy water is a luxury.

—*Lauks (from Monkmeyer).*

NICARAGUA—Elderly worker spreads coffee beans to dry.

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economic aid with which the militarists can entrench themselves?

The usual arguments to justify our so-called even-handed treatment of any established government, whether democratic or dictatorial, are familiar. They are that we ought to work with any stable regime even if we do not like it, that we can't impose democracy on any country, and that to do otherwise is to interfere in the internal affairs of another nation. This is the basis of our long friendliness toward Batista. And what did it do? It alienated us from the Cuban people and it conditioned them for Castro's betrayal of their revolution and the imposition of a Communist dictatorship.

BUT this is not the whole of the debate that has been going on in Washington ever since the U.S. interrupted and then resumed its diplomatic relations with the military junta in Peru last summer. This was after the generals had canceled the elections they helped supervise and prevented the Peruvian Congress from fulfilling its Constitutional duty to choose a President when none of the candidates receives a third of the total vote.

The fact is that when the United States withholds economic aid from Latin American military governments, we are faithfully observing, not breaching, the basic tenet of the Alliance for Progress, which is committed to "strengthening democratic institutions." This is the obligation which every Latin American nation accepted when they brought the Alliance into being at Punta del Este last year. To give aid to a military dictatorship thus violates the Alliance for Progress.

Let's try to be clear-headed about this matter of "intervention." There is no avoiding intervention. It is a sham argument. When we give economic aid to a military regime, we are pursuing a course of action which, whatever we call it, helps to fasten on a nation a government which does not rule by the consent of the governed. We are intervening against the people. Our long friendliness with the Batista regime helped keep it in power. The realistic question is not whether we are going to intervene in the internal affairs of Latin America; the question is whether we are going to intervene on the side of strengthening dictatorships or on the side of strengthening democratic regimes.

—*Monkmeyer.*

ECUADOR—A month-old baby is inoculated against TB.

The new South American democracies and semi-democracies which have emerged since the overthrow of most of the old-style dictatorships are going through a period of testing-under-fire—sometimes literally under fire, as in Argentina. The role of the military in these countries will rise and decline, and I am not suggesting that the U.S. should break diplomatic relations every time there is a military crisis. Diplomatic relations with such struggling regimes need to be maintained. But making a military dictatorship a working partner in the Alliance for Progress is like trying to make a dry creek run uphill, and the end result is to help Communism, not impede it.

I am convinced that the United States will do more to win long-term support and respect by remaining true to itself and actively standing against dictatorship in every form or guise. Some Latin American groups and politicians will rant against us on the ground of "interference," but most South American people will say "Thank God"—at first under their breath and later openly and with heartfelt relief.

THE United States and the Latin American countries must understand that to support military government is contrary to each nation's welfare.

The Communist can come to power if the Latin American nations fail to move ahead economically, or they can come to power by deception—as in Cuba where the Batista military dictatorship paved the way for Castro. To the Communist, chaos is power. It is chaos, not social reform, which the Communists are seeking everywhere in South America today. The tactics of terror, assassination, and violence which the Communists are using against the liberal Betancourt government in Venezuela is a grim example. It will be chaos which the Communists will get if the Alliance for Progress falters and fails.

Today the Soviet bloc—Moscow and Peking primarily—is pouring $100 millon a year into agitation and propaganda and party activity in Latin America.

The Kremlin is expanding the scope of its Institute for Latin American Studies and its program to enlarge what it calls its "creative contact" with Latin American leaders.

In every country I visited in South America it was evident that the Communists were centering their whole propaganda effort on smearing and trying to block the Alliance for Progress.

Only a momentous and unwavering strugggle against poverty and dictatorship can shield the continent from Communism.

We must face the fact that if the underprivileged, underpaid, long-harassed people of Latin America cannot find a way to achieve economic hope by democratic means, they will demand it at any political cost and try any political system they think will benefit their lot.

The only visible consequences of the failure of the Alliance for Progress are widespread Communist dictatorship or widespread military dictatorship—or both.

Either the Western Hemisphere is going to achieve an accelerated economic growth by democratic means—and that is the heart and purpose of the Alliance—or mass frustration will demand that it be attempted by any other method whatsoever. Continued mass frustration will give the Communists their greatest opportunity.

All of this is why I say that for the United States the "crisis continent" is not Africa or Asia; it is the American continent here at home. This is why there is no alternative to making the Alliance for Progress a vital and going concern.

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The Powers That Will Be

By GRANVILLE HICKS

RECENTLY the editors of the *New York Times Book Review* addressed the following question to six critics: "Whom do you see on the horizon who may in time take the places of Hemingway and Faulkner as the internationally recognized greats of American letters?" As some of the contributors politely hinted, the question verges on absurdity, but the fact that it could be asked is a significant literary phenomenon.

The question is silly because it rests on false assumptions. In the first place, it assumes that it is the function of critics to read the future, whereas the critic has all he can do to come to terms with past and present. As Stanley Edgar Hyman puts it, "Some rough beast in his twenties may even now be slouching towards Manhattan to be born, but all that can fairly be asked of criticism is that it validate him retrospectively, not foresee his name in the entrails." A critic may legitimately say that so-and-so is a great writer—none of the contributors does, in fact, go out on that limb—but he cannot know whether his man is going to be "internationally recognized." As W. M. Frohock observes, tastes are constantly changing. "Twenty years ago," Malcolm Cowley reminds us, "Hemingway had fallen out of favor with the critics, and Faulkner was not only out of favor but out of print."

In the second place, the question implies that we can count on the "greats" coming along with some regularity, whereas literary history indicates nothing of the sort. We had a period of literary greatness in the two decades before the Civil War. It seemed so then and it seems so now, though then and now could not get together on a list of the great names. Afterwards there was a long dry period, whose chief glory, as we now see it, was Henry James, not an unknown figure in his own time but then rarely regarded as great. In the 1920s there was an impressive upsurge of creative activity, out of which came the two men whose places the *Times* would like to have filled. But perhaps they're not going to be filled for a long time. Indeed, as Irving Howe says, there are reasons for expecting minor rather than major writers in the coming decades, though the ways of greatness are unpredictable.

I agree with Alfred Kazin that the raising of such a question "can only arouse unreal hopes." The public is all too willing to believe that there can be world championships in the arts as in baseball and boxing. In the Thirties an exhibition of paintings by Van Gogh was shown in various parts of the country and given an unprecedented amount of publicity. Visiting the exhibition in Boston, I got to talking with a middle-aged woman who confessed that she had never been inside an art museum before but had been made to feel that this was something she mustn't miss. After we had talked a little about the paintings, she suddenly asked me whether Van Gogh really was the greatest painter who ever lived. Startled as I was, I could see why she asked the question; after all, no other painter had ever had so much publicity in the Boston papers.

I am glad when large numbers of people are persuaded to attend an exhibition of Van Gogh works, and yet I wonder whether much good is accomplished. If people go to see a great painting in the same spirit as that in which they go to see the latest television celebrity, they are likely to get almost as little out of one experience as out of the other. The ballyhoo inhibits the kind of natural response that even quite uninformed persons are capable of making to a work of art.

Surely it is a fine thing for greatness to be recognized, but popular recognition, to state the case mildly, isn't based on discriminating judgments. Hemingway and Faulkner had won the admiration of competent critics here and abroad, and this was the foundation of the ballyhoo, but once the ballyhoo took over, a different system of values went into operation. The two men, in exactly opposite ways, lent themselves to the creation of myths, Hemingway by a flair for publicity and Faulkner by a hatred of it. And, as often happens, their positions as legendary figures rose higher and higher while the quality of their work was declining.

Raising the question of the "greats" is not, I think, helpful to writers. Every serious young writer, to be sure, hopes to write great books, and the aspiration is admirable. But, as Frohock says, "This isn't a race or a prize fight." He goes on, alluding to a remark that Hemingway once made, "They don't really have to slug it out with Mr. Tolstoy and Mr. Stendhal." The writer does his best work when he concentrates on doing his best work, not when he is wondering whether he will be one of the "greats."

AS for the reading public, the ballyhoo concentrated on the "greats" obscures the existence of a large number of writers who can be enjoyed and admired. Irving Howe says: "If we refrain from bringing to contemporary writing a series of fixed expectations and impudent demands for 'greatness,' if we keep our ears open to new voices and our minds firm in behalf of critical stringency, then we should find a sufficient amount of writing that is interesting."

The great value of the *Times* symposium is that the participants mention a considerable number of writers who, in their opinion, are worth reading. A few weeks ago (*SR*, July 28) I listed twenty-one contemporary novelists whose work had impressed me. I was sure, as I said, that I had omitted names that belonged on the list, and a reader promptly reminded me of William Styron. I couldn't believe that I had forgotten him, but I had. And I also, heaven help me, had forgotten Ralph Ellison. The six critics in the *Times* do even better, for, among them, they name twenty-five writers. Between us we run the total up to thirty-one. There is indeed "a sufficient amount of writing that is interesting."

I am no more willing than the six critics to bet that any of these thirty-one writers will prove to be great in the sense and to the degree that I believe Hemingway and Faulkner were great, but I know that they can give deep satisfaction, and it seems to me that it is my job to tell people what they are doing rather than to waste time speculating about the future. Literary greatness is not something that we can expect to appear on schedule; it is something to be dazzled by and thankful for when it does reveal itself. In the meantime we have a responsibility to writers of talent and dedication, who, fortunately, abound in our time.

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Everyman's Nuclear Primer

"Kill and Overkill: The Strategy of Annihilation," by Ralph E. Lapp *(Basic Books. 197 pp. $4.95), explains in nontechnical language the current American policy of massive retaliation and urges its reversal. Mark S. Watson, military correspondent on the Baltimore Sun, received the Navy's Distinguished Public Service Award in June 1962.*

By MARK S. WATSON

WITH his remarkable ability to present scientific truths in layman's terms, Ralph E. Lapp provides a vivid portrayal of where he is sure the world is headed unless there is a quick turnabout in nuclear weapons policy. If this is, as averred, "a primer for everyman," designed to encourage all Americans to take part in an immensely grave decision, it is because, in Dr. Lapp's words, the number of Americans now taking any real interest in their own fate is pitifully small; "probably never in history has the human race looked so much like sheep marching silently to slaughter."

The author, well known for his pioneering in atomic fission and subsequent service as scientific adviser at the Pentagon, has long been a conspicuous advocate of a reversal of the nation's nuclear weapons policy. He has not thereby endeared himself to the makers of present policy—or, indeed, to a good many who have nothing to do with policy-making but who evidently support the existing official concept—for he has resolutely contended that the nation's program of deterrence is likely, whether by error or accident or plain folly, to lead to nuclear war and world destruction. "An announced policy of massive retaliation is well calculated to produce maximum insecurity, for only a razor's edge separates this threat from the threat of massive anticipatory attack."

Certainly Dr. Lapp is not alone in his views. He may be thought of as one of the leading scientist-spokesmen in a very large opposition, much as Dr. Edward Teller, "father of the H-bomb," is one of the leading scientist-spokesmen who support present policy. Partly because Dr. Lapp speaks the thoughts of those who fundamentally distrust the military, partly because he writes with extraordinary fluency, he must be recognized as an extremely potent oppositionist, whose challenges our policy-makers cannot ignore.

That fluency is present throughout his newest book, notably in simple and readily grasped explanations of how fission works, why it requires a "critical mass," how the swift progress in miniaturizing was effected, what are the successive steps in ruin from a thermonuclear blast with attendant flash and instantaneous blindness to the beholder, and from the ensuing firestorm, and from the residual radiation. He reminds us that, surprisingly, fusion was discovered before fission, yet could not be realized artificially save by application of fission. Interestingly, he suggests why Russia felt bound to resume weapons-testing—because its huge missiles bases were most vulnerable to attack, and the need is for missiles as small as ours. There are lively *ripostes*, such as that to the claim that an enemy ICBM would be caught by our Zeus anti-ICBM as "in our fielder's glove" ("In an actual case the fielder would be hard put even to find his way to the right ball park"). There is an acerbic reference to a distinguished scientist's assurance that most people could survive nuclear attack with proper protection. (The scientist built a $30 shelter for himself in his back yard; a subsequent brush fire totally destroyed it.)

The author employs a "popular" approach to the subject because he thinks the plain citizen must understand what science is doing to his world, having "released a jinni which threatens to get entirely out of hand." He agrees with Eugene Rabinowitch (to whom this book is dedicated) that "man can survive in this world of incredible violence only by similarly spectacular progress in social and political wisdom." As steps toward that hoped-for wisdom, Dr. Lapp provides a layman's account of how we got where we are, accompanied by his own judgments of where we are going. In some of these latter opinions he faces the complete disagreement of experts on the other side, including such redoubtables as General Curtis E. LeMay, who is a scientist of parts as well as a great combat leader. This appears notably in Dr. Lapp's certainty that the manned bomber's day is all but over; the unpredictable may well upset that particular prophecy before long, and the author's enthusiams may have made him vulnerable else where.

The Navy, in any case, will find Dr. Lapp a supporter of the Polaris submarine missile as appreciably less likely to raise an unintended crisis. He develops this theme impressively, noting that the submarine is far less vulnerable than our fixed missile bases; more surely controlled, thereby lessening the chances of war by accident; requiring no bases on alien soil; less costly; less likely to lead to "overkill" (*i.e.*, pouring new destruction on an already destroyed target). Hence the author makes the reliance upon Polaris the first item in his own missile program recommendations. A second item is the prompt calling off of further bomb-material production, which he says has already gone far beyond conceivable requirements. A third, on the optimistic order, is a declaration that space is out-of-bounds for military operations.

He admits all these are only first steps, and he admits that there are stupendous difficulties in the way of program reform. For all that, his newest presentation of a desperately important hope is both an encouragement to that public thinking which he seeks and a persuasive argument for continuous re-examination of national nuclear policy, even by the many scientists and administrators who disagree wholly with his judgments.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1006

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1006 will be found in the next issue.

X BEH AESXBZ AUXMKF;
TFV'B JXSM BLQF YTF-
EBESVFU PEH LJ AFXSK
QXBFUEATF VLKFVZFU.
MLS ZFULTM.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1005

If you're always longing for the good old days, just try reading these items by an oil lamp.
—WISCONSIN NEWS.

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The Other Side of Despair

"Nuclear Weapons: A Catholic Response," edited by Walter Stein *(Sheed & Ward. 151 pp. $3.50), contains essays by five authors who, while not pacifists, agree that atomic war is "a blasphemy against Creation." Homer A. Jack, a Unitarian clergyman, is executive director of the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy.*

By HOMER A. JACK

IN THE 1940s organized religion in the U.S. was slow to act in community and church to oppose segregation and racism. The Roman Catholic Church in this period was especially slow, but a small group of Catholic clergy and laymen insisted that their Church be prophetic, and their insistence has resulted in the stand taken by American Catholicism today on the race issue. In the late 1950s and early 1960s organized religion in the U.S. has been equally slow to act in community and church to oppose nuclear war. The Roman Catholic Church in this period has been especially slow, but a small group of Catholic clergy and laymen—mostly European—are insisting that the Catholic Church everywhere be prophetic in this field also, and their insistence is at least resulting in a series of new volumes on the relationship of Roman Catholicism to war.

The five authors of the brief essays in this volume are not pacifists. They can envisage situations in which, other things being equal, a country ought to be defended. They affirm that, in the past, wars could be fought honorably. But in a nuclear age, other things are not equal. With modern weapons war and even the threat of war have become "inherently atrocious." The authors are attracted to the alternative of nonviolent resistance, which they do not dismiss as a panacea of the idealistic, but examine as a strategy for the tough-minded. They warn that we cannot return to our "pre-nuclear comfort" and cannot rely any longer on "pre-nuclear modes of appeal."

The central theme of this book is that there is today no moral alternative to an unconditional renunciation of the nuclear deterrent. Not only is total nuclear war absolutely intolerable, but the mere willingness to risk a war that could annihilate civilization is "a wickedness without parallel, a blasphemy against Creation." Deterrence involves a conditional willingness to unleash such a war.

What must the citizen do who says "no" to the use of nuclear weapons and therefore to all policies based on the threat of their use? He must refuse military service. He must ask his nation to renounce all treaties based on nuclear deterrence and ultimate warfare. He must urge continued disarmament talks and ask his government "to throw caution to the winds" in the negotiations. He must vote for candidates for public office who unconditionally reject nuclear warfare, however this might otherwise "outrage one's political allegiance." If he is a Christian, there is special need for faith and compassion. Above all, the Christian must not assert that "anything is justified in defense of the continued existence and liberty of the Church in the West." The prospect of Communism admittedly has filled many Christians with a fear that "paralyzes the reason and saps their moral courage."

The authors have gathered together the sayings of recent Popes on nuclear war; finding little, they hasten to remind the reader that "the argument from the silence of the Holy See has itself been condemned by the Holy See." While some of the Papal statements are impressive, the authors admit that "no adequate Catholic witness has emerged" on nuclear war. Indeed, there is "nearly as much confusion among the faithful" as there is outside the Church. They condemn the silence of Catholics, and quote approvingly a Jesuit theologian, Karl Rahner, who asks: "Is there not a cowardly inactivity because no instructions from above are at hand?"

The policy of nuclear deterrence is, to Christians, a challenge to their faith; to unbelievers, it is a challenge to their unbelief. In both, the "paralyzing calculus of lesser evils" must be displaced by "a simple, challenging absolute."

Question: Where does one go from a world of insanity?

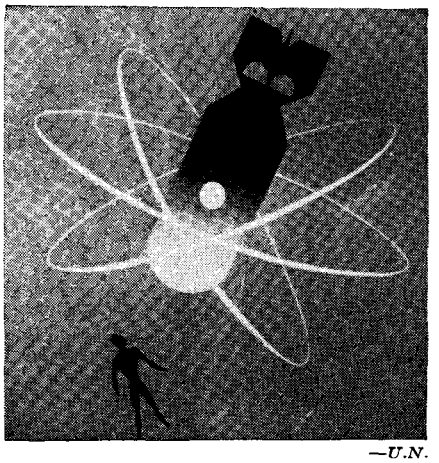
Answer: Somewhere on the other side of despair.

No Refuge from Holocaust

"Dig, Run or Stay?," by Dean Brelis *(Beacon Press. 196 pp. $3.50), and* ***"No Place to Hide: Fallout Shelters—Fact and Fiction," edited by Seymour Melman*** *(Grove. Paperback. 206 pp. 75¢), agree that workable protection from mass destruction is nonexistent in our time. Clark Goodman has written five books and numerous technical papers on nuclear physics.*

By CLARK GOODMAN

A YEAR ago our country was deeply absorbed in the civilian defense debate. President Kennedy had launched the National Shelter Survey. Secretary of Defense McNamara had been assigned responsibility for the Federal Civil Defense Program. DOD Booklet H-6, "Fallout Protection: What to Know and Do About Nuclear Attack" in December, 1961, admitted officially for the first time: "There is no panacea for protection from nuclear attack. In a major attack upon our country, millions of people would be killed. There appears to be no practical program that would avoid large scale loss of life. But an effective program of civil defense could save the lives of millions who would not otherwise survive. Fallout shelters and related preparations, for example, could greatly reduce the number of casu-



—U.N.

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alties." In his signed Introduction, Secretary McNamara issued what may have been the prize understatement of 1961. He said, "Judgments may differ."

Seymour Melman and Dean Brelis have prepared effective refutations of the Administration's shelter program. Relying mainly upon Congressional testimony and published articles by leading authorities and committees of experts, these two authors independently and concurrently conclude that shelters are not only worthless but probably dangerous. In the light of the evidence presented, it is small wonder that Secretary McNamara's program failed to gain support in Congress.

This failure can be attributed to the Administration's lack of forthrightness about the realities of nuclear warfare. Ironically, Mr. McNamara and the other Administration spokesmen were being far more candid than their predecessors; yet they were not candid enough. As Messrs. Brelis and Melman both make clear, the proposed shelter program placed the emphasis on fallout. Blast, firestorm, and prompt radiations, which are far more destructive, were not included in the public planning. Dexter Masters, director of Consumers Union, in an article of unusual clarity cited by Mr. Brelis, epitomizes the joint conclusion of both books:

> The fallout shelter, which is the specific kind of protective device around which our great debate has centered, must be distinguished from the blast shelter. The essential difference between them is that a workable blast shelter, which would provide great protection if one could be devised, really does not exist in the nuclear age; while a fallout shelter, which can be devised very easily, really does not work.

It is difficult to understand why the federal agencies failed to face up to these issues. As a result of this deficiency, the eager, anxious public was lulled into a false sense of assurance. The truth came out largely because of the courage and conviction of a few informed private citizens. Whether an effective, realistic program can emerge is a moot question. Mr. Melman and Mr. Brelis have their separate solutions.

IN place of our arms race, Mr. Melman proposes a Peace Race as "a way to use America's unmatched productive power to win a world contest for peace and freedom."

Mr. Brelis is more personal: "There is no defeat in my decision to stay [rather than run or dig]. All I am saying is that this country, this land, these hopes of America as I see them, are no good down there in the ground."

ESSENCE OF THE USSR

Moscow's Hidden Persuasion

"Strategy and Tactics of Soviet Foreign Policy," by J. M. Mackintosh *(Oxford. 332 pp. $8), interprets the Kremlin's diplomatic moves from 1944 through 1961. Raymond L. Garthoff is the State Department's Special Assistant for Soviet Bloc, Politico-Military Affairs and Professorial Lecturer on Soviet foreign policy, George Washington University.*

By RAYMOND L. GARTHOFF

NOW THAT Mr. Mackintosh's admirable study appears one is astonished that the void it fills had not previously been even more evident. The book is not quite accurately titled; it is really a history of Soviet foreign policy from 1944 through 1961. Chiefly an interpretive chronicle rather than an analytical dissection, it is precisely the coherent panorama that has been lacking.

What is the "strategy" of Soviet foreign policy as it emerges from this examination? One could, I believe, express it as follows: The USSR will strive by an expedient means to advance Communism in the world, so long as the means to that end do not adversely affect the security and national interest of the Soviet Union. Since Mr. Mackintosh begins his study after two and a half decades of Soviet diplomacy, he takes for granted many fundamental developments establishing the foreign policy of the USSR, such as the early subordination of Communist parties in other countries to the purposes of Soviet foreign policy —rationalized, of course, in terms that might be summarized as "What's good for the Soviet Union is good for the World Revolution." In surveying the postwar years of the "cold war," and the cold peace of "peaceful coexistence," we see recurring and continuing manifestations of this Soviet-centered view. Prudent regard for the interests of the USSR has effectively governed the risks that that nation would assume in its relations with the West, as well as in its relations with other Communist states. The Sino-Soviet estrangement of the last two years or so has had many causes, but one is that Moscow not only wants the world to be Communist, it also wants—and perhaps wants even more—for "the Communist world" to be centered on Moscow.

The strategic principle of expediency in terms of national interests is evident in the Soviet view of the role of war. As Mr. Mackintosh shows, the post-Stalin period has seen, both in evolution (or is it revolution?) of theory and in practice, increasingly clear expression of their understanding that war is unsuitable as an instrument of Soviet offensive policy. Whether Stalin ever thought that the future might open up a balance in which general war would be expedient is uncertain, but his successors have recognized the coming of "nuclear plenty" and of multimegaton thermonuclear weapons in mass as an effective argument against any conceivable deliberate resort to, or even temptation of, general nuclear war.

As this study shows, there have been important constancies, and also important changes, in the post-Stalin period (to which nearly three-fourths of the book is devoted). Among the elements of continuity has been a flexibility in adjustment to the world situation. Accordingly, in 1954-1956 we saw the "Spirit of Geneva," with the Austrian peace treaty, the Korean armistice, the rapprochment with Tito, internal "destalinization," and the launching of extensive foreign economic (and military) assistance. No longer was the world seen as sharply divided between the "two camps," either Red or White: various pink shadings in between were made the object of more sophisticated and varied means of foreign policy influence. But again after the bitter Hungarian Revolution and the successful Polish establishment of limited independence, and with the immense confidence derived from the first sputnik and ICBM test, the USSR turned to a line of pressure. The prime tactical objective has been Berlin. But failure of this line to achieve its aim led in 1959 to a tactic of detente with the West. About the time this policy, too, appeared unsuccessful to the Soviet leaders, the U-2 affair cinched the case for a harder line, which has since predominated. Nonetheless, elements of example, persuasion, cajolery, and penetration associated with the less virulent policy, especially vis-à-vis the economically underdeveloped and politically uncommitted areas, and towards Yugoslavia, have been continued even

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at the cost of contributing to the debilitating controversy with Communist China.

Throughout the course of Soviet foreign relations, internal considerations and influences have also done much to shape foreign policy. Mackintosh is alive to that aspect of the subject. This reviewer would question some of his interpretations, in particular the account of defense policy debates in 1953-1955. By concluding that Khrushchev at that time "shared" the view of the military leaders as opposed to those of Malenkov, he overlooks the much more likely explanation—especially in light of Khrushchev's own subsequent behavior—that Khrushchev was using defense policy (and foreign policy) to weld together a coalition including the military leaders (and Molotov) against Malenkov. Later, Khrushchev himself "took on" Molotov over foreign policy, and Zhukov and others on defense policy. And, as Stalin had done with Trotsky, Khrushchev later adopted many of the positions once espoused by his rival. Questions of defense policy and of foreign policy have on occasion, as in the 1954-1955 controversies, been used as a domestic political football.

Propaganda may be underestimated in the discussion, though the author is by no means unaware of its importance in Soviet eyes. His treatment reflects a conclusion, which should perhaps have been made more explicit: that while Soviet public discourse in foreign relations is heavily propagandistic, Soviet foreign policy is not so greatly influenced by propaganda. This also explains his rather summary treatment of Soviet actions and talk at the United Nations and in disarmament conferences. I would not quarrel with this general conclusion or treatment, but it would appear desirable to note that in a broader sense "setting the stage" for propaganda is one of the determining factors in Soviet foreign policy, and not an afterthought.

This is a very welcome book. It is not light reading, but it has something to say. And what it has to say is well worth reading by anyone who recognizes that he should know more about Soviet foreign policy.

Evolution of an Epoch

"People and Life 1891-1921," by Ilya Ehrenburg, *translated from the Russian by Anna Bostock and Yvonne Kapp (Knopf. 434 pp. $5.95), recreates czarist Russia and the Russia of Revolutionary and Civil War days. Harrison E. Salisbury is the author of "The Northern Palmyra Affair" and "A New Russia?"*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

ILYA EHRENBURG has been many things — a Soviet propagandist, a young dilettante of the arts in prewar Paris, a schoolboy revolutionary, a patriot who dipped his pen, alternately, in blood and acid, an experimental novelist, a frustrated poet, a delegate to Popular Front and peace congresses.

But he is crowning his career, a long and not infrequently contradictory one, with the production of an epic, couched in the form of a memoir. The volume now published in handsome format, excellent translation, complete with useful footnotes and an invaluable biographical appendix, comprises the first two volumes of the Ehrenburg memoir as published in Russian. Four more volumes have appeared in the Soviet Union, each more eagerly awaited than the last and each, it would seem, increasing in frankness and deepening and sharpening the grandiose picture that Ehrenburg has set himself to complete.

What is the nature of Ehrenburg's grand design, and why is it of breathless interest to his countrymen and of deep fascination to readers in the West?

What Ehrenburg is up to in his work—which in Russian is entitled "People, Years and Life"—is no mere volume of reminiscences. This is not a cabinet production of the declining years of a literary man of affairs. Ehrenburg has taken as his task the re-creation of the whole panorama of the epoch of Russia's travail as she emerged from semi-feudal czardom, through revolution, Bolshevism, Stalinism, war, and Khrushchevism, into whatever future the fates hold for her.

He has set out to record these years as he saw them; as the Russians of his pre-Revolutionary age saw them; as Europeans, in general, saw them. He is painting on a canvas that is not just Russia but most of Europe. He is introducing a generation of Soviet youth to the civilization that, on the one hand, produced Lenin and on the other Picasso, Manet, Gide, Toller, Hemingway, Rolland, Jean-Richard Bloch.

At the same time he is restoring to human life and dignity, to cultural appreciation and full-dimensional personality, the martyred men and women of Russia — Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva, Babel, Pilnyak, Pasternak, Meyerhold, Koltsov, and the others. He is introducing to a generation debased and blunted by the bland mediocrity of socialist realism the great modern painters of Russia—the Chagals, Kandinskys, Malevichs.

And in the process he himself is no doubt doing penance for his own sins of omission and, perhaps, of commission, in the horrible Stalinist years.

When one reads Ehrenburg the Russia of the years before the Revolution, the Russia of the years of exile life in Paris and Geneva, the Russia of the Revolutionary and Civil War days takes on depth, color, and perspective. It is no longer a dull and dreary textbook of Marxism but a glowing panorama of suffering, enduring, gifted, stubborn, and often stupid people.

Chance alone has enabled Ehrenburg, born to a middle-class Jewish family in Kiev, to stand close to the fulcrum point of so many of the major events that have affected Russia's course in the past half-century. It was chance that he survived the perils of the Revolution (he was a teen-age revolutionary but never a Bolshevik), the purges of the 1930s which took the lives of so many of his friends, the bombs and bullets of Civil War in Spain and World War II in Russia,

(*Continued on page* 52)

—*From the book.*

Ilya Ehrenburg—"color and perspective."

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Experiment at Andover

FOR seven days, while the Cuban crisis was at its height, some two dozen prominent citizens from the United States and the Soviet Union met in a paneled trustees' room of a New England preparatory school. They were taking part in an experiment to determine whether it is possible for knowledgeable people from both countries to talk about the explosive issues between their nations without having their meeting go up in a shower of sparks.

Each news bulletin added to the tension and sharpened the anxieties. At the end of the week, the participants emerged from their long sessions clearly fatigued but just as clearly rewarded. For they had proved it was possible to have a candid exchange of views on fundamental issues, holding back nothing and rigorously examining everything. And they all agreed they wanted the dialogue to continue.

The fact that the meeting took place against a background of what seemed for a time to be an impending thermonuclear war was purely accidental. The date for the conference had been fixed many months ago and was, in fact, the outgrowth of two previous meetings, the first at Dartmouth College in October, 1960, and the second in the Crimea in May, 1961. Both these meetings had been successful, not in terms of agreements actually reached but in terms of the ability to clarify opposing positions, to submit to rules of order in debate, to subject facts to cross-examination, and to develop personal relationships that could be fruitful beyond the conference table.

Some of the participants, especially at Dartmouth and the Crimea, previously had substantial experience in the foreign services of their governments. They discovered that the process of coming together informally and unofficially made it possible for them to engage in the kind of full, intimate discussion that had only rarely been possible in their official stations. At the conclusion of the Dartmouth meeting, for example, George Kennan, then in private life, reflected that in a quarter-century of service in the Soviet Union he had not had as much access to the minds of Soviet citizens for whose intelligence he had high respect as he was then having in a New England college town in a few days.

But neither the Dartmouth nor the Crimea meetings took place under circumstances as somber and as unsettling as existed at the meeting in Andover a few days ago. Within a day after the Soviet participants arrived at International Airport in New York, the Cuban crisis was in the headlines. Three days later, just after the group assembled at Andover, the radio was crackling with news bulletins about an imminent statement of major importance by President Kennedy. That same night, the President went before the television cameras and the microphones to announce a blockade of all military shipping into Cuba. The delegates from both groups watched the announcement on a TV screen; the tension and the uncertainty in the room were palpable and acute. The fact that their two nations were apparently on a collision course now created an atmosphere of gravity for their experiment that none could have anticipated and all could dread.

Shortly after the President's announcement, the delegates went to their evening session in the trustees' room, which had been equipped with IBM simultaneous translating equipment. The Americans were mindful that their Russian guests, 5,000 miles from their homes and families, were probably wondering whether they ought to leave the United States while there was still time to do so. It is possible that the Soviet visitors wondered whether the Americans felt there was any use in proceeding. At any event, the co-chairman of the Soviet delegation began the meeting by asking tactfully whether the Americans wished to go on with the conference. The American co-chairman said there was only one way to find out. He asked for a show of hands of those who wished to continue. Without the slightest hesitation, every American hand went up. The Soviet participants responded in equal measure and the experiment was sustained.

DURING the course of the week, the Cuban situation gave rise to the most detailed, direct exchange of views. There could be no doubt that all the elements of the problem, including many which had been crowded out of the headlines, were fully presented. Blunt questions were asked and just as bluntly answered. One of the items on the prepared agenda had to do with the role of the United Nations in dealing with tensions, and with the place of world law in the establishment of a durable peace. It was inevitable that the relevance of this topic to the Cuban crisis should have been stressed by some of the participants.

Other topics vigorously discussed included the problem of achieving general and complete disarmament under ironclad safeguards; the responsibility of the large nations in undertaking a cooperative program for assisting countries in need of economic development; the problem of maintaining peaceable relations while maintaining diverse political systems; and ways in which the access of each country to the other could be kept open in economic, scientific, and cultural relations.

On some days the sessions ran from early morning until late at night. Each

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topic produced a substantial supply of information, not all of it familiar to most of the participants. And, as might be expected, few statements went unchallenged.

Where facts were incontrovertible, positions gained in proportion. Suggestions were made for constructive improvement, especially in the area of cultural relations, and a number of them had no difficulty in gaining a concurrence.

PERHAPS the most interesting development of the experiment was that, paradoxically, the delegates drew closer together on the personal level even as the issues that separated them grew more intense. The international crisis deepened and the debates at the conference table were correspondingly sharper, but the personal rapport mounted from day to day. Whether this was because the participants were becoming increasingly aware subconsciously of their underlying membership in a human commonwealth, or whether, as they came to know one another, they yielded to the magnetic pull of human gravity, it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain: By the end of the week there was no awkwardness or strain in raising any question, however severe, or in venturing a response, however pointed. It was possible to be forthright without being caustic, impassioned without being abusive, severe without being cutting. You could disagree and still retain your respect for the person you were disagreeing with. Just in the process of working and living together, those at the conference had been able to transcend what until then had been their purely national identities and were recognizing the implicit existence of a human agenda for their deliberations.

Moreover, there seemed to be a sense among the participants that they were sharing in a privileged experience at a critical time. Andover was probably the only place in the world where so many Americans and Russians, albeit unofficially, were talking things out together on virtually a day-and-night basis. This increased and enhanced their sense of somber responsibility. It made many of them recognize, too, that they were there not just for the purpose of proclaiming but for the purpose of legitimate self-examination.

In all these respects, the experiment was a success. The Ford Foundation, whose support made these conferences possible, deserves the fullest commendation. The People-to-People Program, so fully supported by the U.S. Government, has had no more striking example than Andover of the validity of its underlying thesis. For if the human experiment represented by the meeting at Andover can succeed under the circumstances and pressures that obtained at that time of crisis, then almost nothing can be considered implausible or impossible in the field of unofficial contacts.

As at Dartmouth and the Crimea, some of the most memorable incidents took place away from the conference table. During one of the infrequent recess periods, the Soviet delegation went off to see some of the sites and memorials of the American Revolution. As they approached the monument at Bunker Hill, but before the inscription at the base of the monument was visible, the oldest member of the Soviet group took off his hat and began to move his lips. Those very close to him heard him recite the famous lines from Emerson:

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world."

Will there be another conference? It is too early to say. But at a time when the air is filled with talk about official summit meetings, it may be useful to remember that citizens are at the base. Their discourse can be relevant, helpful, even significant. For nothing in the world—spaceships not excluded—can be more exciting or constructive than a worthwhile human encounter. —N.C.

Conference Participants

FROM THE SOVIET UNION: S. I. Beglov, journalist, Vice Chairman of the Novosti Press Agency; Academician E. K. Fedorov (co-chairman), Chief of the Main Directorate of the Hydrometeorological Service; V. V. Kovanov, surgeon, Corresponding Member of the Academy of Medical Sciences of the USSR; V. V. Maevskii, commentator of *Pravda*; A. G. Masevich, Doctor of Physics, Deputy Chairman of the Astronomical Council of the USSR Academy of Sciences, Chairman of the KOSPAR Working Group for Observation of Artificial Satellites; I. I. Mintz, historian and member of the USSR Academy of Sciences; S. V. Molodtsov, Doctor of Law, Professor of International Law, Vice Chairman of the World Federation of United Nations Associates; B. Polevoi, writer, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Republic; M. I. Rubinshtein, Doctor of Economics, Institute of World Economics and International Relations; N. A. Talenskii, Doctor of Science, member of the Editorial Board of the *Journal of International Affairs*, General of the Reserve; G. V. Shumeiko, publicist, member of the Editorial Board of the journal *Soviet Trade Unions*; V. N. Zaichikov, First Vice Chairman of the Executive Board of the All-Union Society for the Dissemination of Political and Scientific Knowledge; Y. A. Zhukov (co-chairman), commentator of *Pravda*, Deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR; B. N. Ivanov (secretary), Chief of the Division of International Relations, Soviet Peace Committee.

FROM THE UNITED STATES: Thomas B. Coughran, Executive Vice President, Bank of America (International); Harry Culbreth, Vice-President, Nationwide Insurance Co., Paul M. Doty, Professor of Chemistry, Harvard University; Lester B. Granger, President, International Conference of Social Work, Chairman, Federal Advisory Council on Employment Security, Department of Labor; Norris Houghton, Chairman, Drama Department, Vassar College, Co-Managing Director, Phoenix Theatre, New York; Arthur Larson, Director, World Rule of Law Center, Duke University, Under Secretary of Labor, 1954-56; Margaret Mead, Adjunct Professor of Anthropology, Columbia University, Associate Curator of Ethnology, American Museum of Natural History; Robert B. Meyner, Governor, State of New Jersey, 1954-62; Philip E. Mosely (co-chairman), Director of Studies, Council on Foreign Relations; John B. Oakes, Editor, editorial page, *New York Times;* Louis B. Sohn, Bemis Professor of International Law, Harvard University; Herman Steinkraus, former Chairman, Bridgeport Brass Company, President U.S. Chamber of Commerce, 1949-59; Dr. Darrell Hammer (secretary), Department of Government, Indiana University; Norman Cousins (co-chairman), Editor, *Saturday Review*.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A VOTE FOR EXCHANGES?

THE OCTOBER 27 issue of *SR* was one of the first of my own country's publications I read after landing at Idlewild Airport during the afternoon of October 24 after four and a half weeks of operatic appearances in Russia. A day previous, following President Kennedy's historic speech announcing the Cuban blockade, I sang my final performance as "Boris Godunov" at the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. Despite the tensions that must have been besetting him, as certainly they were besetting me, an American singer, Premier Khrushchev attended, came backstage later with congratulations, and kept his private worries to himself. Was this, I wondered, a public vote for our cultural exchange program?

Therefore, the article "Should We Continue the Cultural Exchange with the USSR?" by former U.S. Senator and former Assistant Secretary of State William Benton, struck strongly home to me personally. Some who gathered at the airport as I landed safely seemed to think I was one of the "last men out," barely escaping, as it were, from "the cultural exchange." This, of course, was not in question. The warm audience response at the final "Boris" proved that the love of art and music that both nations have in common stands firm against the most pressing global situation.

After the problem of Cuba has been settled, and it must be for the sake of every human being in the world, I believe that all of Mr. Benton's provocative views should be considered at the highest levels. Certainly he is not in error in giving what I interpret as a qualified approval to the exchange of artists between the two countries. Certainly he is correct in writing that "Other types of exchange . . . offer the greatest promise of creating a climate that improves the chance of peace." And his statement that the Iron Curtain is an "Iron Curtain of misunderstanding" is incontrovertible.

I know from my own recent experiences that a free exchange of our ideas, our science, and our art with the Russian people can help us find eventual lasting peace. Beyond these crucial, immediate days, the peoples of both our lands promise hope rather than despair.

JEROME HINES,
Metropolitan Opera.

New York, N.Y.

WHERE IDEAS COME FROM

HAVING LIVED IN the South for the past five years, I was especially interested in Lillian Smith's article "A Strange Kind of Love" [*SR*, Oct. 20]. Much of what Miss Smith says is undoubtedly true, but I think she misses an extremely important point—and one that has been widely missed in general—when she ignores the fact that for the Southerner the truly agonizing part of the conflict is not so much between the races as it is between the generations.

The typical segregationist in the South, I would submit, has never thought about dehumanizing the Negro because the Negro was already dehumanized for him. The idea of Negro inferiority was instilled into him since childhood by his parents, his grandparents, their minister, his teachers, the mayor of the town, the sheriff, and in short by every single person he was ever taught to respect and admire since the day he was born. That the Negro should have equal civil rights would, under other circumstances, be a comparatively easy idea for him to buy; what hurts is coming to the realization, as the Yankees would have him do, that all the people he has been taught to respect and admire since childhood are *wrong*. Many of my acquaintances in the North seem to think that all they are asking the white Southerner to do is make a simple choice between right and wrong. Far more important for an understanding of the situation is that they are asking the Southerner to reject so much of what he has been *taught* to be true.

All this is of course a truism, and there will be many who feel it goes without saying. What surprises me, however, is that it is so often discounted by authors attempting to understand the situation in the South today. Any reader who doubts its validity, or who in any way tends to underestimate the tremendous power of parental authority, could perhaps gain an insight into the matter by imagining himself to be a visitor from Mars, curious to know why, for example, most of the people in the U.S. are Christians, whereas most of the people in Egypt are Moslems.

There can be no doubt that "the Southern way of life" is disappearing, but those who would hasten the process should at least realize what kind of a force they are up against.

G. ALAN ROBISON.

Cleveland, O.

"Nonsense! I never get the wrong number."

THE PACE OF SCIENCE

DR. ALBERT SZENT-GYORGYI'S guest editorial "Science, Man, and Politics" [*SR*, Oct. 20] is the most concise yet comprehensive statement of the three historical eras of science that I have ever read.

On one page he has compressed the essence of scientific progress from Thales in the fifth century B.C. to Becquerel in the last years of the nineteenth—truly a remarkable summation.

The cataclysm that shattered the concepts of "classical science" has been graphically told by Henry Adams, in his famous "Education" when he wrote that "the man of science must have been sleepy indeed, when, in 1898, Mme. Curie threw on his desk the metaphysical bomb she called radium." What has followed, we know only too well, but even Adams's prophetic foresight failed to perceive that by the middle of the twentieth century we would have reached a point that he did not anticipate before the year 2000.

Dr. Szent-Gyorgyi is quite right in asserting that if scientists are not given more to say in matters of state policy, then the future is dangerous indeed.

For, unless the American people take heed of these warnings, then, to paraphrase Macaulay's dire allusion, some future traveler may take his stand upon the broken arches of Arlington bridge to photograph the ruins of the Capitol.

JOHN A. DRON, SR.

Ojai, Calif.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Something for Everybody

AS THE days grow shorter, the weather colder, and the scent of Academy Awards fills the air, the movie companies are beginning their annual barrage of big pictures saved just for this occasion. To an industry that is forever focused on the next film, a movie released only a few months back is almost ancient history—ancient enough, at any rate, to be forgotten by Awards time. Since Academy nominations demonstrably mean cash in the bank for the nominees, the new pattern is to release studio hopefuls in Los Angeles and perhaps one or two other major cities, but hold back their main distribution until after the Academy members have delivered up their deliberations. What this means is that readers in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles are likely to see the pictures discussed in these columns during the next few months just about the time they are reviewed. Less favorably placed but no less avid film fanciers may have to wait quite a while. Fortunately, *ars longa est.*

High among the current contenders (in certain strategic cities) is the protean Peter Ustinov's adaptation of **"Billy Budd,"** which credits as its source the play by Louis O. Coxe and Robert H. Chapman rather than the novel by Herman Melville. To be sure, the Messrs. Coxe and Chapman fashioned for the stage a taut and dramatic exegesis of Melville's mystic philosophy; in Hollywood parlance, they had "licked" the story. It is just possible, however, that by going back to the original, Ustinov might have "licked" it still further into better screen shape. As it is, the film alternates between scenes of high action and spectacular beauty aboard an eighteenth-century British frigate, and scenes all too palpably studio-made in which the cast stands about discussing knotty problems in ethics. Melville articulated his ethical considerations into the development of his story handily enough (indeed, they were central to it); in this screen version, they often appear both intrusive and inconclusive. The climactic summary court-martial, with its examination of the differences between justice and law, is in fact so very summary that Billy seems to have been whisked off to the gallows with virtually no trial at all.

Another difficulty, posed by both the book and the play, is the inability of today's sophisticated audiences to accept a character as all good or all evil, all black or all white. Terence Stamp, as Billy, gets around this somewhat by playing with an open-faced honesty and simplicity that make the lad's unblemished virtues appear the product of a natural naïveté. Robert Ryan's Claggart, on the other hand, smacks of nineteenth-century melodrama—all smiles and smirks and knitted eyebrows, and carefully measured menace in his every speech. It is a performance that Ustinov, as director, might possibly have modulated if he were not so concerned with the fussy details of his own Captain Vere—a role, incidentally, that he never quite seems to master. He is soft when he should be commanding, blubbery when he should be stern. Stout and unshaven, he is almost the antithesis of the precise, logical, soul-wracked captain of the *Avenger* that Melville drew. Indeed, either of his underlings, John Neville or Paul Rogers, might have cut a more likely figure in the role.

This is not to declare "Billy Budd" a disaster area. Far from it. Ustinov, as producer, director, co-author, and star, has aimed high. He has earnestly tried to encompass Melville's purpose into his screenplay, and has permitted no compromise to soften the edge of Billy's tragedy. He has mounted his production handsomely, and Robert Krasker's black-and-white photography of men crawling the rigging of a ship under full sail is not easily forgotten. And he has invited an almost uniformly excellent cast to compete with him for scene after scene. He may have fallen short of his target, but the effort to reach it is admirable.

"What Happened to Baby Jane?" sets out, on the other hand, to do considerably less, but achieves its goals with something breathlessly close to perfection. Quite simply, it is a shocker—a shocker in the best Hitchcock tradition; and at the same time a superb showcase for the time-ripened talents of two of Hollywood's most accomplished actresses, Bette Davis and Joan Crawford. Scenes that, in lesser hands, would verge on the ludicrous simply crackle with tension—or, as in the shots of Miss Davis dancing raptly on a crowded beach, they are filled with unbearable pathos.

Tempting though it be to fling all the bouquets at these long-reigning favorites, no small part of the credit be-

(*Continued on page 77*)

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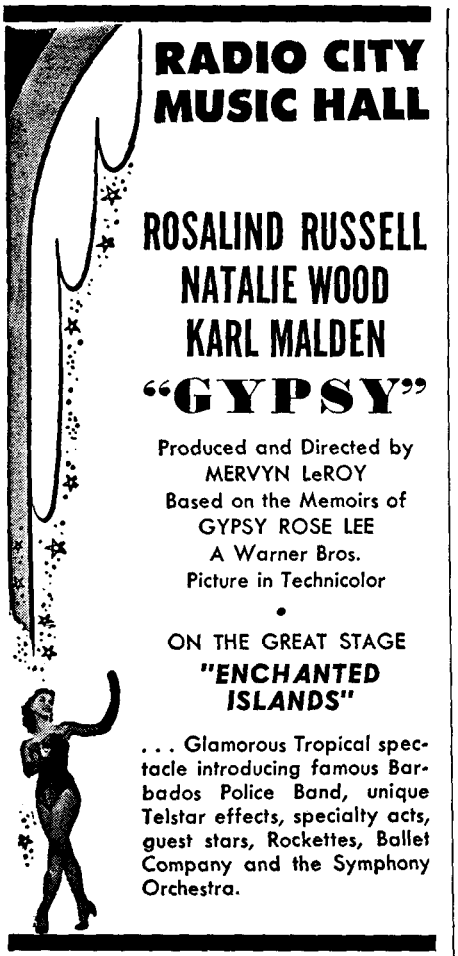

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Room at the Bottom

EVEN in Sidney Michaels's somewhat too extroverted adaptation, François Billetdoux's "**Tchin-Tchin**" is a rare and wondrous thing. The word "thing" is used advisedly because "Tchin-Tchin" falls within none of the conventional dramatic forms. It merely follows the heartbeat of a relationship between two human beings as they progress away from well-ordered lives, and away from the more dramatic wordly love affair which has deprived each of his respective marital partner.

For his jilted pair, M. Billetdoux has selected two people who would seem to be the least likely to succeed in holding a conversation with each other. Cesario Grimaldi, the uncouth and rampant head of a construction company, is everything that Pamela Pew-Pickett has been brought up to abhor. Pam, in turn, is everything Cesario cannot appreciate, a coldly reserved and completely unvoluptuous lady who sublimates the expression of real emotion into charity organizations that permit her to do her duty toward fellow men whom she doesn't have to see or meet. But now, with their two lives suddenly having been made meaningless by the turn of events, they both, without consciously realizing it, so desperately need to share their grief that their natural incompatibility becomes not only unimportant but in an odd way absolutely essential.

In other words, the situation, and not society or their individual self-protective instincts, compels their destinies, and this can only be so if they are not given the means to reattach themselves to someone with whom they can repeat a socially acceptable, selfish, and purposeful approach to daily life. It also requires a lot of alcohol.

As the jilted alcoholic lady, Margaret Leighton is even more moving than she was in her previous prize-winning performances here in "Separate Tables" and "The Night of the Iguana." While director Peter Glenville has asked her to play a parody of British inhibition, Miss Leighton never lets the role's surface characteristics come out of anything but a deeply suffering person who blames only herself for whatever harsh treatment she has received. Whether she is awkwardly begging for affection from a man she cannot excite, or whether she is furiously but unavailingly crying out that she is not "a punching bag," Miss Leighton is in total combat with her destiny, but all within her precise artist's discipline. Thus she achieves a nakedness that is more naked than it is possible to get in life. Although Anthony Quinn's Cesario is less fully achieved—probably because he tries too hard to demonstrate each line—his performance is a considerable improvement on the one he gave in "Becket," particularly in the later scenes where quiet acceptance and gentle humor are called for.

The adaptation and the production also work a little too hard, tending to make us expect something more eventful, something more significant. Any of several Will Stevens Armstrong settings would be sufficient for a whole other play. And the incidental music tends to represent a cacophonous world rather than the delicate emotional current growing despite it. Since Mr. Michaels's additions to the play work intelligently in the direction of clarity and heightened theatricality, the difference between this version and the original will only bother those who can mourn such seemingly small details as the changing of Mrs. Pufy-Picq to Mrs. Pew-Pickett.

For luckily Mr. Michaels has not altered the play's underlying virtue. It remains the tender passage of two terribly considerate people into a relationship that has its own miraculously impractical logic, and it arrives at an extraordinary beauty the other side of shabbiness, a beauty somehow more genuine than the contrived handsomeness of a strivingly efficient world.

Sidney Kingsley's latest play, "**Night Life**," appears to be an admirably ambitious attempt to describe the temper of our times, and to affirm the playwright's belief that the idealist still has a chance to triumph over the frighteningly powerful cynic. In a key club, where only money and power are respected, we meet a variety of characters including a rising thug who is taking over the American labor movement from the more honest men who control it. This hot-headed mobster, played by Neville Brand, is also about to marry the nice young girl (Carol Lawrence) who sings at the club. She is really in love with an honest lawyer (Jack Kelly) who has refused both marriage to her and a job at the U.N. because he has lost faith in the future of mankind. While the ending is intensely dramatic, the play suffers both from its lack of focus on the most important character, a middle-aged square played by Walter Abel, and from offering reportorial values where it has led us to expect poetry.

—HENRY HEWES.

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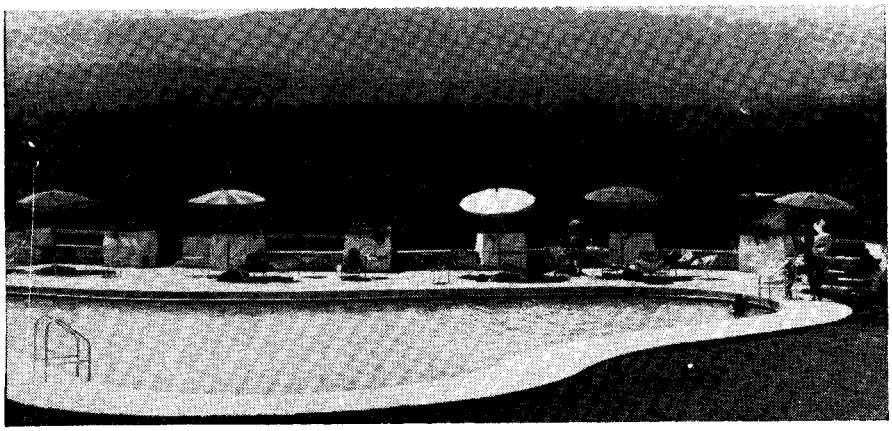
The New Continent—2. Up a Tree

ODD AS it may appear, the enormous publicity that has attended the political emergence of Africa has caused a nagging, almost irrepressible curiosity among the adventuresome travelers of Europe and the Americas. While Germans, who come on packaged tours in their own chartered aircraft, are now the most numerous tourists in East Africa, the game preserves are teeming, besides gazelles, with Italians, English, French from Madagascar and metropolitan France, Mexicans in numbers that seem out of proportion to their population, and Americans. The number of U.S. visitors in East Africa this year is already up 56 per cent.

To this avant-garde who had long ago discovered the Greek Islands, invaded Moscow, buzzed Hong Kong on their way around the world, and even skipped off on the nonstop flight from Los Angeles to Tahiti, Africa is a new continent. The new tourists come neither with high-powered rifle nor built-in Ruarkian swagger. Like tourists everywhere, they have come to see—in this case to see game and to see lands and to see people. Of all the new continent's many corners, East Africa, after seventy years of British rule, and long experience meeting the exacting demands of big game hunters, seems best able to receive them.

Most celebrated, perhaps, of all of Africa's attractions is Treetops Hotel, an inn built in the trees over a water hole in the Aberdare Mountains north of Nairobi. I drove up there one Sunday recently, rolling along a splendid tarmac highway that took us into the Kenya highlands where European settlers have created large coffee and tea plantations. It was in the Aberdares that the Mau-Mau terrorists, who were extremists of the Kikuyu tribe, had their redoubt. Kikuyu huts, once scattered over the pleasant highland hills and dales, were now gathered in orderly rows where police could maintain a visual control over them.

Safaris into Treetops are staged at the Outspan Hotel, an inn of unusual charm near the town of Nyeri, ninety-four miles from Nairobi and a few miles south of the equator. Outspan is a retreat in its own right, with an outdoor



Treetops Hotel, above; Mount Kenya Safari Club, below.

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pool, a squash court, a tennis court, a billiards room, and a pet zebra that has been trained to take children on gambols over the grounds. All of its fifty-six rooms have private baths and the best of them cost $8.50 a day with meals included. Sitting in an easy chair one can gaze over the clipped lawns draped with towering blue gums to the mass of Mount Kenya fifty miles away.

After lunch at Outspan the daily party bound for Treetops is loaded in small buses and driven ten miles through the green highlands where the roads are marked with signs that say "Elephant and Rhino in These Woods—Please Drive Carefully." Some 230 acres have been set aside as the Aberdare Royal National Park, and vehicles are stopped at the entrance by an African ranger in a natty uniform who must telephone to an advance point inside the park before vehicles may proceed. The phone rings, permission is granted, the ranger erupts with an extravagant salute. The bus rolls on to a clearing where bearers in green uniforms and green fezzes and a white hunter carrying a high-powered rifle wait to convoy the party to the hotel in the tree. The hunter calls for quiet, and, gun cradled in his arms, leads the group on the hundred-yard walk through the forest. Should dangerous game appear, there are escape ladders built into trees along the way, and there is, of course, the hunter's gun.

We walked the path in silence to the strange structure built on stilts and climbed the stairs. "Do Not Descend Without Hunter," a sign cautioned. This strange hotel has a bar and a lounge, a dining room, a kitchen, a hostess, phone service to anywhere in the world, flush toilets, and room for twenty-two guests. I went down to stow my bag in my room, a narrow cubicle with reed walls and five branches growing through it. There was a drape for a door. Guests were already on the terraces outside, lounging in the deep airplane seats and gazing off on the salt pan and the water hole. A family of wart hogs was enjoying a Sunday afternoon mud bath, and when they left, a fat waterbuck came to drink, then a posse of baboons. A white heron stalked about the fringes of the pond among the lilies and the reeds. All afternoon they came, the bushbuck, the waterbuck, the baboons, some carrying their young on their backs.

At four-thirty the fez-topped bearers appeared on the rooftop terrace with tea and scones, and some of the baboons, quite used to the ritual, climbed up the trees and waited for a handout. From the roof the glowering clouds hung over the Aberdare forest where the animals waited in the

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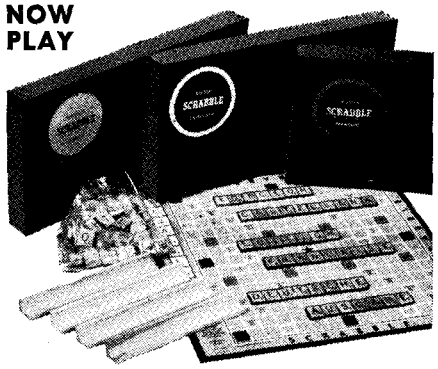

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wings to come on stage at the water hole. When the sun went down Treetops turned on its artificial moon, an arc lamp hidden high in the eaves, shining down on the salt pan. Just before dinner the first performer appeared, a huge bull buffalo that weighed about a ton. He licked at the crisscrossed salt lines that had been spread that morning, then he had a drink, wallowed luxuriously in the mud for a while, and with the noise of great slopping and sucking he climbed out of the ooze for another lick at the salt. Only when he was quite through with his toilette did the rest of the herd appear, calves and cows and other bulls, about twenty in all. Then they left, all except one straggling young bull. From the wings came the first rhino, a giant, moving the buffalo off the salt. And in the middle of the minor drama came the comedian, a tiny hare skittering across the stage in a walk-on part. The interlude was short before a family of giant forest hogs appeared, ugly and hairy with large warty growth under their eyes and upper and lower tusks.

We left the darkened terrace with reluctance and went in for dinner. It was served at two long tables by the bearers, who sent the steaming platters down a little center track that had been built with wheels appropriated from electric trains. It was brought to a startling climax when the lights went out and the bearers appeared carrying flickering bowls of flaming peaches. The guests applauded and the hostess beamed. No one had ever assembled a more cosmopolitan group, for the night I was there the party included visitors from Capetown, South Africa; Mombasa; Salisbury, Rhodesia; Milan, Italy; Argyll , Scotland; Somerset, England; Addis Ababa, Ethiopia; Merrick, Long Island; Tanganyika; Isfahan, Iran; Hong Kong; and Denmark.

I stayed on the terrace long after the hunter and the hostess had fixed a tray of Ovaltine to soothe the nerves of the guests in the tree, and with a few other diehards I wrapped myself in a blanket against the chill night air that was settling through the Aberdares and floating up to our cozy terrace. Finally the hunter went to sleep and the night watchman came on, a giant African in a green fez, white sneakers, an old army greatcoat, and a rifle slung over his shoulder. On his breast glistened his name plate, etched with one name, Julius. Among his instructions Julius was to wake everyone in case of the appearance of big game—elephants, perhaps, whose appearances were highly uncertain. I climbed over the branches and settled into my small bunk and was, lightly anyway, asleep. Suddenly there came a great roar. It seemed almost

(*Continued on page 76*)

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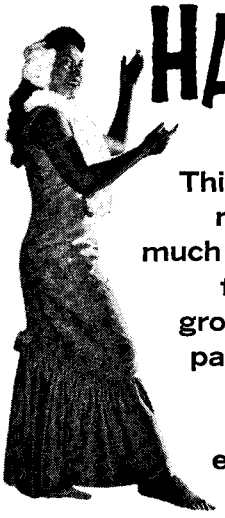

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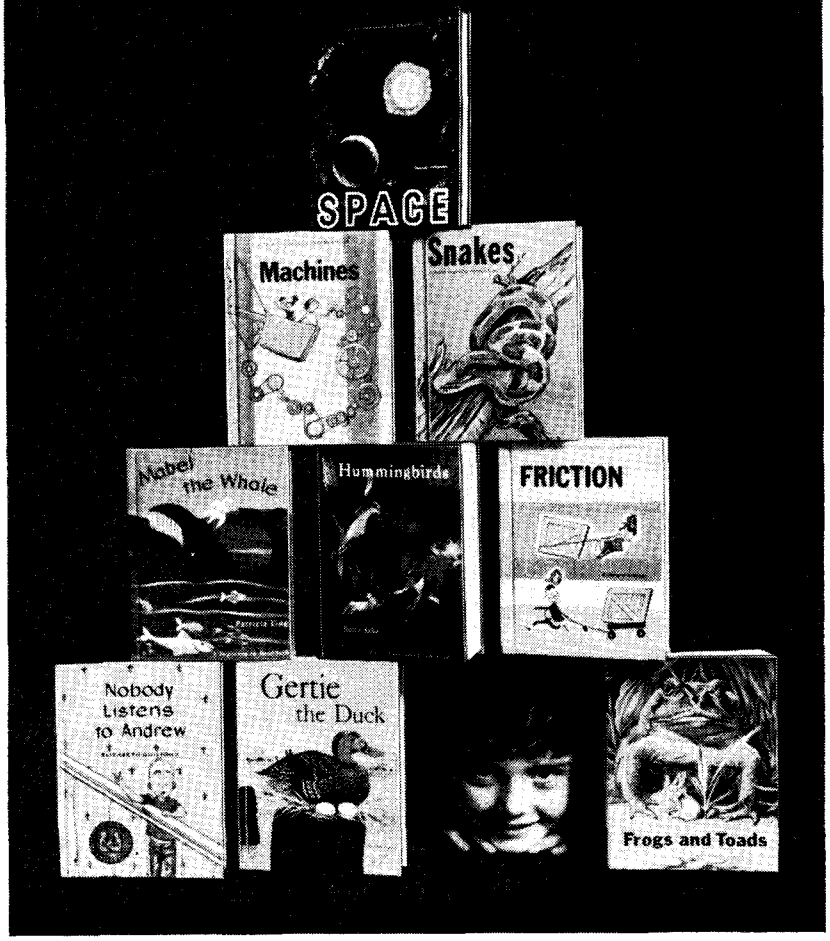

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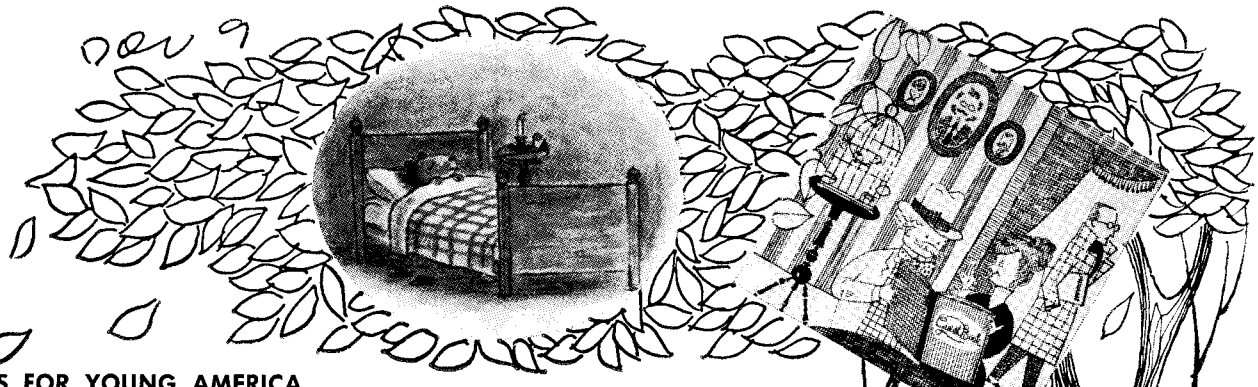


BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICA

Gimcracks and Finimbrums

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THERE were, so we are told, more than 2,000 books for children published this year. Looking over some of these, I am reminded of an anecdote told by Izaak Walton: "Diogenes walked on a day with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons and looking-glasses and nutackers and fiddles and hobby-horses and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the finimbrums that make a country fair, he said to his friend, 'Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!' "

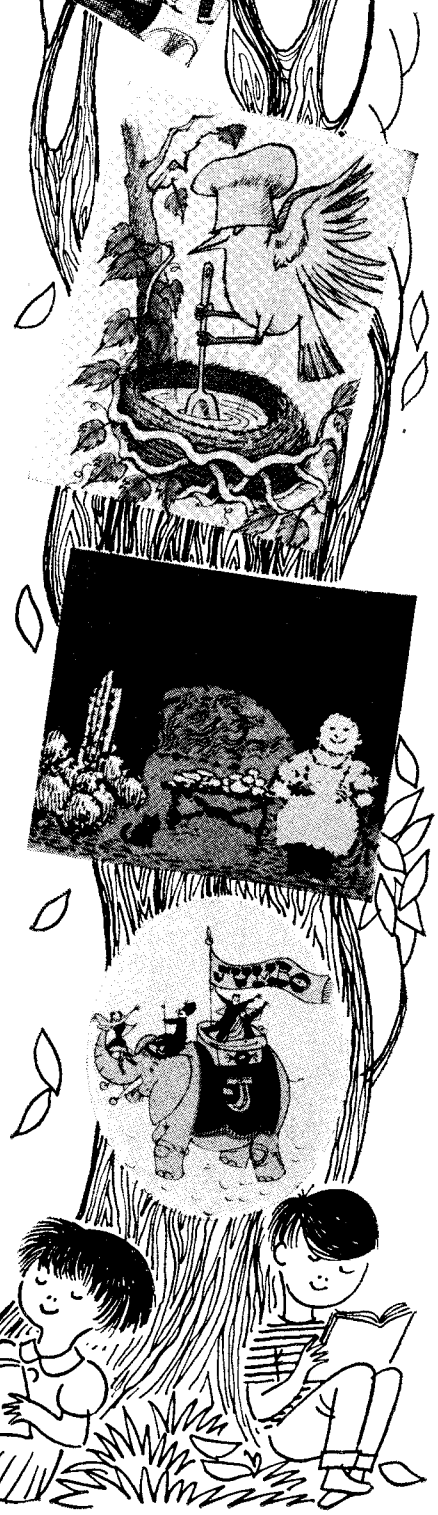
There was a time when I thought that some "finimbrums" might be tolerated and brushed aside, for the good books stood out easily each year and made their way to children. I do not think so now, for the gimcracks are out of all proportion to good books. Also, the repetition of subject matter is out of proportion to the whole output and the number of series to that of individual books.

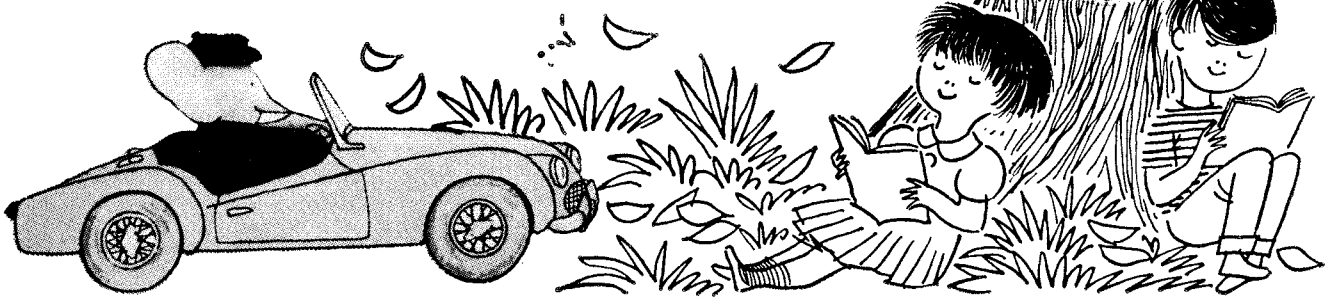
And yet it is remarkable how, from the myriad of books, one that has originality, beauty, good writing will rise to the top. Among the season's picture books no one could miss Maurice Sendak's delightful little "Nutshell Library," with its four small books in a slipcase (see page 34). No one familiar with this field could help seeing that in a picture book—Evan G. Valens, Jr.'s "Wingfin and Topple" (see page 36) —Clement Hurd has used a technique entirely new in his illustrations. When an artist changes his style after a number of years, it is worth noting. It is also worth noting when a story flows as easily and has as well-sustained a plot as "The Meanest Squirrel I Ever Met," by Gene Zion (see page 36). Lavinia Faxon's and Alan Price's "A Young Explorer's Guide to New York" (New York Graphic Society, $3.95) is probably the most practical and original approach to the city that we have had—both for New York children and visitors. They will like poring over the picture maps and "walking" up and down the streets.

Beni Montresor's "House of Flowers, House of Stars" (see page 36) has a charming title, and is a spectacular book, but it is uneven and the text does not live up to expectations. In the long run, a picture book is only as good as its text. What children say is, "Read me a story!"—not, "Read me a picture book."

And have many artists forgotten that

For picture credits see page 42





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young children still love a good story? Week after week during my experience in publishing, one or another artist would come in with a portfolio of attractive pictures—but no idea for a story. There are illustrators who will never be able to write, and therefore need to be teamed with a writer. Some develop slowly. Some choose folk tales to illustrate. Along with her original stories Marcia Brown gave pleasure with her lively presentations of "Dick Whittington," "Puss-in-Boots," and "Cinderella." Now such a flood of these familiar tales is pouring in on us that we are in danger of being inundated by sheer numbers and of tending not to notice them at all.

There are always imitations of books and series of books that have been successful. But an industry that has been vigorous could easily collapse of its own weight and of slipshod manufacturing of books, absurd publicity, cynicism, and sheer ineptitude. Happily, a few firms (and they are not always the biggest ones) still hold to standards.

Any healthy industry needs to keep to high standards and not to depend on flashy trimmings or slogans. Chrome ornaments do not make a serviceable automobile; laminated covers do not make a good book. And as for the "gimmicks"! One of the supposedly new ideas is to have "more sophisticated books for children." Books with better writing—yes; with real plot—yes; with originality—yes; with sophistication—*no*. Sophistication is not a word to throw around lightly in connection with children's books. Those who do so merely indicate their own naïveté.

And what is the recipe for sophistication? One publisher thinks he has found it by dishing out the old fairy tales with an introduction by "name" authors of adult books. "Puss-in-Boots" was always a sophisticated story, if by that decription one means worldly-wise. Does anyone consider that the meaning of the verb form "to sophisticate" is "to make more artificial"?

Crowell-Collier has found a truly fancy gimmick. Their books for beginning readers are called "Modern Masters Books," and the "modern masters" are well known to all of us—Robert Graves, Louis Untermeyer, Shirley Jackson, Arthur Miller, John Ciardi . . . How can these writers let three educators select the words for them to use? Do they think it is a game? For them it may be stunt writing, a thing that cannot be repeated too often. The first three I have read are certainly not gems—and the books are of an awkward size for beginners to handle.

Today in children's fiction, as in that for adults, good writing is rare. Along with those who have some ability to write, others who have none flock to writing courses, seeking a magic formula. All they can get is companionship, criticism (varying in value with the teacher), and a few superficial "tricks of the trade." Everywhere formulas are sought. A writer is even supposed to be able to hand on his secret by answering a questionnaire. One questionnaire that came to me recently was based on writing for one specific school grade. "What is your favorite theme for children of grade—? Can you imagine a writer having a favorite theme for grade one, two, three . . .? Soon machines will be writing books and teaching writing. Then the "modern masters" may be out of a job! Strangely enough, just as I had written this a little book called "The Pomanders of Little Chipping" (Abelard-Schuman, $2.50) came in, telling what happened when "Mr. Progress" took over a town, and also what happened when the machines, including the teaching machine, broke down. It is by Gunvor Hakansson, who quite possibly does not live in Little Chipping. Incidentally, some British translators have a deplorable habit of changing the locale of a book.

Meanwhile, amid the frantic search for a formula, which is not unlike the alchemists' search for gold, there are good books being written by people who care about books—and children. There is, as I said before, still beauty and originality. It is surprising, but it is true.

Picture Books

NUTSHELL LIBRARY. *By Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row. Four books in slipcase.* 32-48 *pp.* $2.95. How delightful these little books are—and what a bargain: four complete books in color for what is usually the price of one! Then there is the fun of taking them in and out of the slipcase and choosing one's favorite. Mine is "Chicken Soup with Rice," a book of the months, with chicken soup featured in each. "I told you once/ I told you twice/ all seasons of the year/ are nice/ for eating/ chicken soup/ with rice!"

The other books are "Alligators All Around: An Alphabet," "One Was Johnny: A Counting Book," "Pierre: A Cautionary Tale." They are all very entertaining, and first-class Sendak. Why hasn't he written more of his own books before? Ages 5-9 (and adults).

HENRI'S WALK TO PARIS. *By Lenore Klein. Designed by Saul Bass. Scott.* 48 *pp.* $3.75. Fun, originality, interesting use of color and design, and a clever story all add up to a most unusual book—for adults. Children should be given a chance at it, though it may puzzle them a bit. Henri, who lives in the town of Raboul, starts out for Paris to view the sights. After some confusion about direction he arrives at a town—but strange how like Raboul is Paris! Henri's small white house at the edge of the woods is there, and so are his father and mother. Henri never seems to realize what has happened, but after a bit the child reader may get the joke. Also published in French. Ages 4-7.

MR. RABBIT AND THE LOVELY PRESENT. *By Charlotte Zolotow. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. With its well-worked-out story and mock-serious conversations between the little girl and the rabbit, this thoroughly child-like book is sure to be a favorite. The theme is the little girl's difficulty in finding a birthday present for her mother. The pictures are charming little water-color paintings, in which Mr. Rabbit, who tries to help, walks on his hind legs like a man, giving a rather curious effect. But then he is undoubtedly an imaginary rabbit, so why shouldn't he look as he does? Ages 4-8.

THE PARADE BOOK. *Written and illustrated by Ed Emberley. Little, Brown.* 28 *pp.* $2.95. This gay and lively book takes in everything from the waiting for a parade to its arrival. Various parades are included: the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, the circus parade, Pasadena's Tournament of Roses, the Chinese New Year. One hundred and thirty-six men march across the jacket, and the reader is invited to find one who is out of step. At the end the children are encouraged to try their own parade. Boys especially will love it. Ages 4 and up.

UNDER THE TREES AND THROUGH THE GRASS. *By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. "Who goes by?/ Who goes by in the woods?/ Who goes under the trees/ and through the whispery grasses?/ 'I go by,' says a little raccoon./ 'I go by with my black and white tail.'"

Alvin Tresselt's nature books with their rhythmic texts are known to be among the best of this type that we have. Here, each animal introduces itself and tells some of the things that it does. The Duvoisin illustrations are effective. Ages 5-8.

ALL THINGS BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL: A Hymn by Francis Cecil Alexander. *Pictures by Leo Politi. Scribners.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. Children will enjoy singing this hymn, which has been a favorite for so many years. The words and music run through the book; after each verse we turn the page to a large, double-page spread that has all the feeling of outdoors. In a couple of pictures Politi's color, usually so clear, seems dark; but, as always, his children are charming. Ages 4-8.

FUZZY THE TIGER. *Written and illustrate by Mary Villarejo. Knopf.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. This is the kind of tiger story that small boys will enjoy, even though it couldn't happen. An uncle can't send a tiger cub from India in a crate—but wouldn't it be nice if he could? Fuzzy is such a cozy

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sort of tiger, almost excessively so; nevertheless as he grows and decides to go to school with the boy, he throws the children into a panic and the teacher into a faint. So Fuzzy has to go back to his jungle. But almost immediately there comes another crate, and in it is Fuzzy, Jr. Pictures in bright blue, orange, and black will please children, and the text is simple and direct. One seldom finds as childlike and straightforward a presentation in "young" picture books today. Ages 3-6.

RED FOX AND HUNGRY TIGER. *By Paul Anderson. Illustrated by Robert Klaus. Scott.* 48 *pp.* $3.30. This amusing story, a folk tale, builds up suspense as the chipper little fox outwits the tiger. It is too bad, however, that the tiger is so overblown, so ugly, and on some pages so distorted. This is a frightening book, to be given only to children with strong nerves. Ages 6-8.

THE MEANEST SQUIRREL I EVER MET. *By Gene Zion. Pictures by Margaret Bloy Graham. Scribners.* 42 *pp.* $3. The woodland greens, browns, and black of the pictures for Nibble's book are refreshing, as is the story, which will call for a good many re-readings. Nibble liked to play games with nuts, and was given permission to use the family supply for that purpose. "But remember," said his mother, "these are not just ordinary acorns. This is our Thanksgiving dinner." Nibble means to be careful, but he is done out of the nuts by a plausible stranger, Mr. M. O. (Mean Old) Squirrel. The story becomes both dramatic and entertaining as the Squirrel family, bereft of nuts, goes out for Thanksgiving dinner and finds its own nuts on the menu at Mr. M. O. Squirrel's restaurant. How Nibble's bravery wins M. O. Squirrel's admiration is the climax—or perhaps the real climax comes at Christmas, when M. O. Squirrel reforms and turns generous. He is a squirrel Scrooge. Delightful illustrations. Ages 4-8.

HOUSE OF FLOWERS, HOUSE OF STARS. *By Beni Montresor. Knopf.* 40 *pp.* $3.50. A large, square picture book all about houses, this is not like any other we have seen. It is original, decorative, colorful, and completely undisciplined. There is a strange mixture of some charming pictures, short stories, joking approaches. One page shows a poor little girl in Naples who cleans houses and falls asleep (dies?) in the street. In the next double-page spread she is sailing out to sea in a beautiful golden house. Another charming, imaginative spread shows the house of "children who like to swing in the clouds." But the house where the "bad, naughty, dirty children" live could well have been omitted: burning schoolbooks indoors (or anywhere) is going more than a little far, as is the bomb in the attic. However, it is a book to see and consider. Mr. Montresor has a lot to give children if he will pause to do a little thinking. Ages 5-8.

NIBBLE, NIBBLE MOUSKIN: A Tale of Hansel and Gretel. *By the Brothers Grimm (adapted). Pictures by Joan Anglund. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. Joan Anglund, whose tiny books have been so admired, has a devoted following who will undoubtedly like this book. To us it seems too bad that the artist makes her doll-like children larger and transports them into the middle of a traditional fairy tale, adding a realistic witch and pseudo-Rackham woods. Hansel and Gretel were sturdy German peasant children, and the story as originally told is decidedly robust. Ages 5-8.

THE LATE CUCKOO. *By Slobodkin. Vanguard.* 40 *pp.* $2.95. We go right into an old clockmaker's shop in Switzerland and see some of his 122 clocks hanging on the wall. All of them keep time except one, from which the cuckoo always comes out, defiantly, a minute late. The village children are entertained, and peer through the window at him. But when a sultan arrives to buy the entire stock of clocks, the proprietor has a problem. He sells all the clocks save one, and the children, wiser than he, help him contend with that maverick cuckoo. It is a story full of absurdities that children will enjoy, containing some of the gaiest pictures this artist has recently done. We are almost sorry the little rebel becomes a conformist "from then on . . . forever after," but, after all, a clock should not be an individualist. Ages 5-8.

LITTLE OWL. *By Reiner Zimnik and Hanne Axman. Atheneum.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. Little Owl lived all alone inside a statue in the park. But he kept wondering about people, and if he had not been a people-watcher he would have been lonely indeed. As he watches, the humans in the interesting, amusing paintings grow more and more real to the reader. This is a well-told story in which Little Owl becomes a hero and saves his people from a fire. Children will love fat Clotilda as she jumps into the firemen's blanket "looking like a big round apple falling from a tree." After that, of course, Little Owl has all the friends he has wanted. Both author and artist are German. The book, printed in America, has been given good reproduction. On some pages textured backgrounds almost obscure the text, but I can see that the problem here has been difficult. Ages 4-8.

WINGFIN AND TOPPLE. *By Evans G. Valens, Jr. Pictures by Clement Hurd. World.* 32 *pp.* $3.50. One of the largest and more spectacular presentations of the year, this is a surprise for us from the artist. Wingfish and Topple are flying fish; the action takes place under water and above it, as Topple discovers the freedom of the air. The text is interesting, though sometimes a little elaborate for a picture book. The pictures are a combination of media, flying fish cut in linoleum block superimposed on a background of weathered wood. The whole gives a fine underwater feeling, as there is also brush work done on wet paper. But *does* a flying fish drag his fins on the bottom of the sea before he learns to use them? Age level not given.

BABAR'S CASTLE. *Written and illustrated by Laurent de Brunhoff. Translated from the French by Merle Haas. Random House.* 30 *pp.* $3.95. Now King Babar, Queen

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—From "Mary Poppins."

Celeste, and their children move to a castle. It is an honest-to-goodness castle, with suits of armor and an elaborate underground passage, which the elephant children explore. Evidently it is also a modernized castle, because in one picture Babar is having a grand time cutting the grass with a power mower, on which he rides. Barbara and Celeste give a magnificent party complete with buffet. Like most of the Babar books, the story rambles along in an uncertain fashion. The pleasure for the child-reader will lie principally in the large pictures, with their amusing detail, and in the familiarity of the well-loved characters. Ages 5-8.

FOREST FOLK. *By Mary and Conrad Buff. Illustrated by Conrad Buff. Viking.* 72 *pp.* $3. Dash and Dart have returned, and now Dash is a three-year-old buck. The winter, spring, and summer pass before our eyes in beautiful sepia pictures, and we see not only the deer, but many forest creatures. The Buffs are wonderful technicians, and the use of sepia throughout creates more of a whole than the sepia and color in "Dash and Dart." The text is in rhythmic prose. Autumn comes, and Dash is ready to challenge Old Horn for leadership. The fight is on; Old Horn loses an antler—the battle is over. The old King staggers away into the shadows of the forest; and Dash is King. The pictures in this handsome book are well reproduced. Ages 6-10.

Middle Group

THE EMPEROR AND THE DRUMMER BOY. *By Ruth Robbins. Illustrated by Nicolas Sidjakov. Parnassus Press.* 40 *pp.* $3.25. Nicolas Sidjakov's unusual, highly stylized pictures make this a most noticeable book. Its full story, rather overwritten at times, requires some background, because it features Napoleon and his army, but boys should all like it. The incident is slight though dramatic: a drummer boy is shipwrecked in a storm and floats ashore on his drum as his friend, Jean, and the Emperor await him. Ages 7-10.

THE LIGHT PRINCESS. *By George Macdonald. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Crowell.* 50 *pp.* $3.50. One day about a century ago George MacDonald, a Scottish minister, read a fairy story he had written to his class of adult students. It was an amusing tale about a princess who had no gravity and who disconcerted everyone by her inability to keep her feet on the ground. She was also unable to take anything seriously. The students approved it thoroughly; and today it has added meaning for children who are well acquainted with the state of weightlessness.

In this book the story has been "cut for reading aloud," and this will probably introduce many more children to it. The new version makes good reading, emphasizing the fun of the story, but it loses something in the development of the character of the princess, which explained her absolutely heartless treatment of her prince—until she regained her gravity. And although the pictures are amusing, they lack heart—like the Princess. As for the Princess herself, she looks amazingly modern.

Macmillan publishes the original version, which also appears in the Watts edition of the same title ($4.95). The latter has the original pictures but they are not well reproduced. Children who are contemporary-minded will probably prefer these new pictures in color. Ages 6-9.

THE DOG IN THE TAPESTRY GARDEN. *By Dorothy P. Lathrop. Macmillan.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Imaginative girls will enjoy this story of the little dog who came out of a tapestry to join the real dog in the family. The pictures are handsome and very well reproduced. Ages 6-8.

THE TWO OLD BACHELORS. *By Edward Lear. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. McGraw-Hill.* 32 *pp.* $2.50. Helen Masten, formerly head of the Children's Room in the New York Public Library, speaks of this as "Edward Lear's delicious little horror story." It isn't truly a horror story—though it builds up towards being one—because the two old bachelors tumbling from a high cliff remain perfectly intact, and the mouse they intend to eat escapes.

Paul Galdone's pictures add to the humor of the rhyme and give it a suitably strange atmosphere. This is really above the picture-book age, and is wisely not printed in large, picture-book size. Ages 6-9.

THE ISLAND OF FISH IN THE TREES. *By Eug-Lis Wuorio. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. World.* 62 *pp.* $3.50. "On a tiny island in a bright green sea there lived a little girl called Belinda." One day her doll's head fell off, and the doll, Maria Carmen, couldn't stop crying. Belinda and small sister, Lucy, take an amazingly elaborate trip on their own to find a doctor, and through their eyes and those of the author we see an island in the Balearics. Although this is a fairly good story, Lucy's baby talk is a bit tiresome, and the descriptions overdone. The many who admire *all* Ardizzone illustrations will find these soft, sweet ones attractive; others will prefer the spirit of "Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain." The book is aged 6-9 but the nine-year-olds might be unimpressed by it.

MARY POPPINS FROM A-Z. *By P. L. Travers. Illustrated by Mary Shepard. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 28 *pp.* $2.95. "Mary Poppins is back again!" So was Pamela Travers, who created her, and who has recently been in this country attending to the motion-picture rights, which were sold to Walt Disney. She doesn't "write for children," only "writes books," she told me, but an alphabet book surely is for children, or are our adults *that* illiterate? This will please lovers of the indomitable Mary, and there are twenty-six episodes treated in the style of "Peter Piper." I like Z, part of which runs, "Oh, I'm off to the Zone of the Zephyrs/ In New Zealand and Zanzibar/ I have zipped up my slippers/ I'm skipping with trippers/ and Zulus in Zanzibar." No limited vocabulary for P. R. Travers. The pictures are, as they should be, by the illustrator who helped to make Mary Poppins a person, and they are printed alternately on a bright blue and orange-yellow. As the movie is to be "live," not a cartoon, one yearns to know who will play Mary. Various ages.

THE PRINCESSES: Sixteen Stories About Princesses. *Selected by Sally Patrick Johnson. Pictures by Beni Montresor. Harper & Row.* 318 *pp.* $4.95. A lovely book for a girl who likes princesses, this collection contains a varied, well-selected group of stories. Before each story there is a brief introduction, and at the end a biographical note about its author (how nice to pay attention to the authors, who often get ignored). Beni Montresor has decorated the book handsomely in his characteristic style: the color jacket is charming, with ladies-in-waiting gathering flowers, as they should on an anthology. The general effect is a happy one. All ages (? Ed.).

THE SUN IS A GOLDEN EARRING. *By Natalia M. Belting. Illustrated by Bernarda Bryson. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. Indeed, as the dedication suggests, this is "a book for dreaming," for a child or young person or adult who appreciates beauty. The text, which presents primitive wonder and belief about the heavens, is poetic: "The wind is a man with a spade in his hand/ He stands above the earth and shovels the winds . . ." (Lapland). And the pictures—which are quite beautifully reproduced on excellent (and unusual) paper—are as poetic and imaginative as the text. The design is good; however, the jacket is ineffective. Ages 8-12.

PETER JUMPING HORSE AT THE STAMPEDE. *By Gordon Langley Hall. Illustrated by Jennifer Kent. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 141 *pp.* $2.95. Last year I liked "Peter Jumping Horse," but wondered what happened to his bad leg. If a reviewer remembers a character from first book to sequel that is something, yet I still worry about Peter's leg.

Peter and his friends are Canadian Ojibway Indians, whom the author used to teach. This books presents the "Stampede" at Calgary, when Indians, cowboys, and Mounties participate. However, there is something a little pathetic about Indians getting out for occasions like this the clothes they do not normally wear, and going to a cave to dig up a buried ceremonial drum. As before, the humor of the story is carried by Peter's grandmother, "Big Grannie," aged eighty-two and ex-

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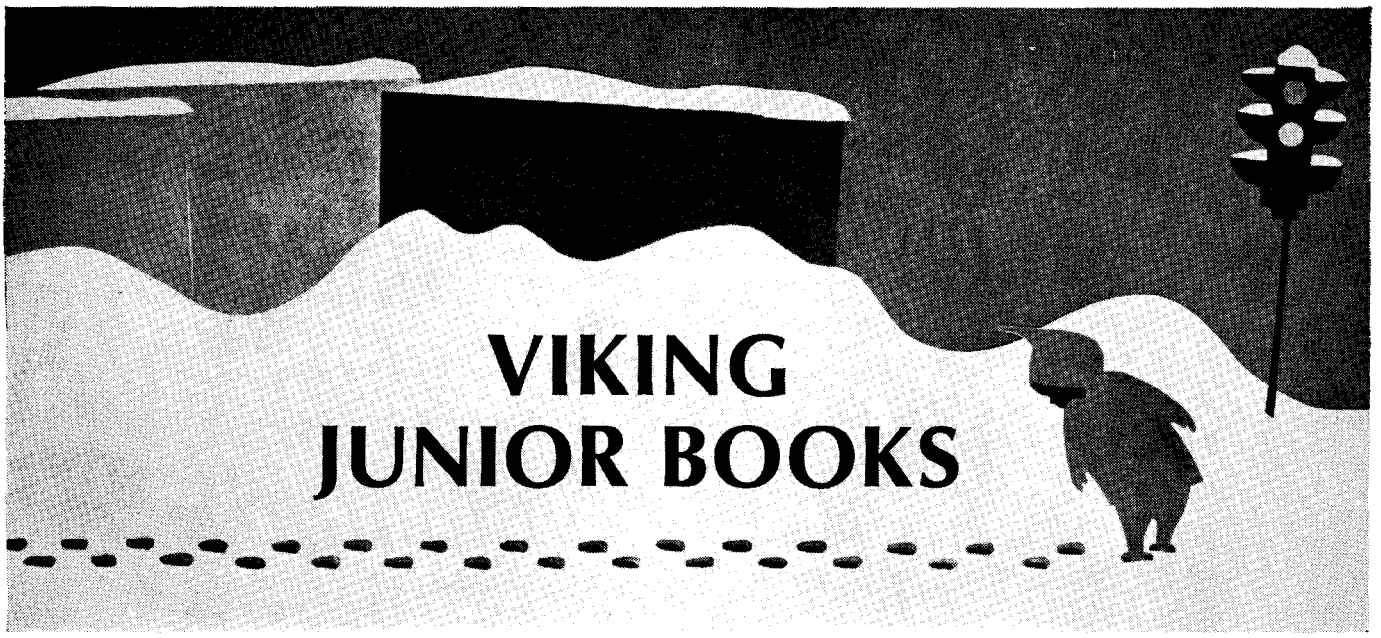

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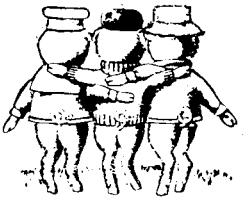

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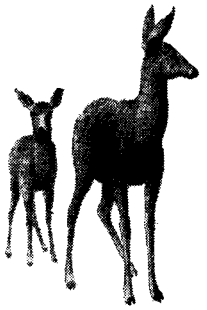

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CHIKKA. *By Hira Nirodi. Illustrated by Constance McMillan. Reilly & Lee.* 154 *pp.* $2.95. Last November, in these pages, Vrinda Nirodi, reviewing books about India, said that the reader must get the effect that he is "climbing into the skin of the Indian child and thinking and feeling as he does." This year we have a book by Hira Nirodi, her sister. The story takes an Indian village lad to the city of Bangalore, where he becomes a "house boy" in an Indian family (possibly the author's). There he experiences both the temptations of a big city and the adventure of learning to read. Although the glimpses of life in a family are very real, and the pictures are interesting, Chikka varies in age astonishingly. The author needs to find out how to sustain a plot more skilfully: a reader of this age demands more suspense. But for this first book perhaps it is enough that Chikka grows in understanding. Ages 8-11.

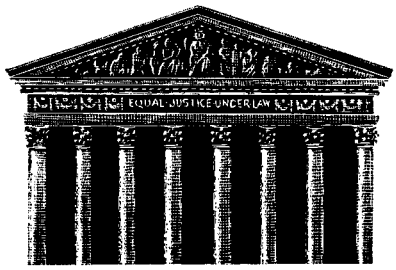
THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT. *By Shirley Glubok. Illustrated by Gerald Nook. Atheneum.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. Shirley Glubok lectures on art to children at the New York Metropolitan Museum, and a child who owns her handsome book, with its carefully-thought-out explanations of Egyptian art, is fortunate. It is a large, square volume that may be used in connection with museum visits or merely enjoyed at home because there are clear expositions of art in all phases of Egyptian life; even the conventions that governed the making of a seated or a standing statue are indicated. By its very limitations, its uncrowded material, the text does not overwhelm the beginner. Moreover, the photographs are effective, the book well designed. Ages 4-8. (I have put it in this middle group 6-9.)

—From "The Sun Is a Golden Earring."

THE D'AULAIRES BOOK OF GREEK MYTHS. *By Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire. Doubleday.* 192 *pp.* $3.95. Into the making of the pictures for this book have gone several years of work, including a long visit to Greece and undoubtedly much care and thought. It has been an extensive undertaking but is only partially successful.

Some of the pictures are effective, especially those in black-and-white, but in others the artists have attempted too much. Aphrodite arising from the sea suggests, to an adult, comparison with Botticelli. Prometheus modeling man and actually placing a heart in a body takes the act of creation to the extreme of literalism, although Zeus, with his thunderbolts, is effective. I question the effect of picturing everything for today's children; they may prefer it, their meager backgrounds may make it seem necessary, but little is left to imagination. Through their names in the space program the Greek gods are so much a part of today's life that the book will be useful and in demand. The text is compact and, on the whole, the stories are told adequately and simply. However, for twelve-year-olds there are better retellings of the myths. Ages 8-12.

Older Group



—From "The Supreme Court."

THE SUPREME COURT. *By Gerald W. Johnson. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Morrow.* 127 *pp.* $2.95. No book is more timely than this one—for, while it does not include the school-prayer decision of the Supreme Court, it does explain the decision about segregation in the public schools. This is the second volume of Gerald Johnson's clearly written trilogy on the three branches of our government. Introducing the Supreme Court, he explains its function, illustrates with several of the important decisions, and shows the part that majority opinion and dissent play in them. That the Court is a mirror of the majority opinions of the people he makes crystal clear. "As you and I and millions like us think, so, in the course of time, will the Court think. For it is part of the nation, and a nation that allows itself to be swept by panic, or by national hatred, or by national greed, or by baseless prejudice will never for any length of time have a great Court. A great Court cannot exist without a great nation to sustain it."

He makes one seemingly cynical statement: "But, since World War II, the colored races, of whom there are a great

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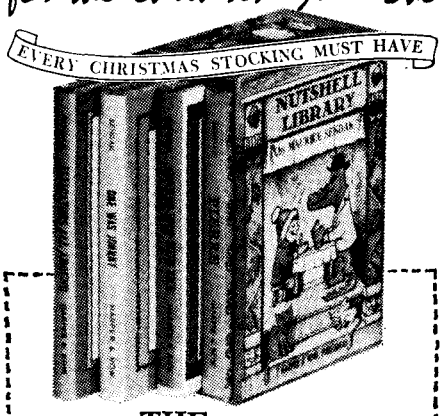

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many more than there are of the white, have begun to win their independence. The white races are no longer strong enough to hold them down, and the wiser white men have learned that holding other races down is not worth what it costs anyhow." This is a generalization, a part-truth resulting from oversimplification. There have been many of us who stood for "equal justice under law" simply because we believed it was the right thing. Though indicated subtly in the discussion of majority opinion, this important point is, for some reason, not clearly brought out. Ages 10-14.

THE STORY OF THE UNITED NATIONS. *By Katherine Savage. Illustrated with photographs. Jacket design by Garry MacKenzie. Walck.* 224 *pp.* $4. The United Nations was born in 1945; its years have been "stormy and insecure." While many books have been written about it, this one is lucid, as unbiased as possible, and completely up to date. That there are people in this country who do not believe in the U.N. seems incredible to the author —and to this reviewer. It is an imperfect organization perhaps, but our only hope for peace, and for a better life for many peoples. As Katherine Savage says: "In a world where every nation claims its own sovereignty, and the right to make its own decisions, interests are bound to clash. It is impossible for any organization to banish fear and establish good will once and for all." The roots of present conflicts are shown—the Congo with Stanley's sell-out to Leopold of Belgium; the end of the war and the decision to let the Russians march into Berlin, and many others. This is a useful and inspiring, unsentimental book with a good bibliography and index. Ages 10 and up.

THIS HALLOWED GROUND: The Story of the Union Side of the Civil War. *By Bruce Catton. An Illustrated Edition for Young Readers. Doubleday.* 188 *pp.* $4.95. When it began to seem as if there could not be another book about the Civil War, along came this fully illustrated, abbreviated edition of Bruce Catton's famous work. Many young people have read the adult volume; this edition is for those who like pictures and shy away from the original's large number of pages. It reads well, and will keep the younger teens following the absorbing narrative. To those studying the Civil War in school it should be especially useful.

THE CAVES OF THE GREAT HUNTERS. *By Hans Bauman. Illustrated with sketches and color photographs by the author and Dr. E. Pietsch. Pantheon.* 184 *pp.* $3.95. Hans Bauman has revisited the caves of Lascaux and made this revision of his well-known book, adding maps and color photographs. These caves were discovered by four boys, and in the appendix seven more "picture caves" are listed as having been discovered by girls and boys. The author also went into the Abris of eastern Spain, where he took some photographs. These rock shelters, he says, will lose their wall paintings very soon if they are not fenced off and properly cared for. The use of water to freshen the color is particularly disastrous. As France and Spain have most of the caves, they should note this. The book is attractive in its design, endpapers, and jacket. Ages 10 and up.

TRAIL BLAZERS OF TECHNOLOGY: The Story of Nine Inventors. *By Harlana Manchester. Illustrations by Anthony Ravielli. Scribners.* 208 *pp.* $3.50. Capsule biographies are useful because they may lead on to full biographies, though young people could never begin to read the large number of lives of scientists and technologists now provided for them. Mr. Manchester's well-written biographical introductions are given a special distinction by Ravielli's fine illustrations. Ages 10 and up.

THE OTTERS' TALE. *By Gavin Maxwell. Illustrated with photographs by the author. Dutton.* 124 *pp.* $3.95. It was inevitable that Gavin Maxwell would provide a young edition of "Ring of Bright Water." Apparently he did the cutting himself, "omitting the difficult words and text of the original," and adding more pictures and a section about the new otter, Teko. Otters are endearing creatures, but, fortunately for parents, Mr. Maxwell strongly advises against trying to keep one as a pet. Young adults have read the original book with enjoyment, and probably await the next adult book with anticipation. This is a satisfactory book for all animal-lovers of the younger group. Ages 8-12.

UTAH LION. *By James Ralph Johnson. Illustrated by the author. Jacket painting by Mel Hunter. Follett.* 160 *pp.* $2.95. It is one of my firm beliefs that books for people in their early teens (in this case 9-14) cannot meander into a story. This one should be given credit for perhaps the most direct beginning of the year: "The mountain lion was only a few yards away when the boy and his sister jumped off the afternoon school bus." Only the pains that told the lioness the birth of her cubs was near and a shot from a hunter may have made the cougar hurry to her den, but the author tells us that she would not in any case have bothered the children. Nevertheless the incident troubled the parents, and a hunter was dispatched to kill the lion. Our sympathies are by now thoroughly with her, for she has given birth. Later we watch her death. One cub, the Blue Tom, is adopted by a Paiute Indian, and it is his life that is followed until he finds a mate. The author is making a plea for preserving the few wild cougars that remain in the United States. A good story, "Utah Lion" is not as startling as its beginning promises. Ages 9-14.

Picture Credits for Page 33:

Clockwise: The Meanest Squirrel"; "The Pomanders of Chipping; "Chicken Soup with Rice"; "House of Flowers, House of Stars"; "The Parade Book"; "Babar's Castle."

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Muse in Miniature

By ALEXANDRA REID SANFORD, *who, until her recent retirement, was an outstanding children's librarian in the New York Public Library for a number of years.*

CHILDREN and poetry are natural friends. A child is at the hub of his world, facing with a sense of wonder the mysteries of the universe, each new experience, the changing seasons, the people, animals, and objects about him (real or imagined). So is a poet.

Young people respond very early to rhythm, rhyme, and repetition. However, that is but a part of it. The power of the poet to create pictures with words is reflected in the fresh and poetic word pictures of a young child. Clichés of adult speech are unknown to children. "Quiet as a mouse" is a stereotype of adult language. A five-year-old says, "Quiet as a thermometer goes up"—or, "Quiet as a splinter comes in." "A hill," says another child, "is a place where the legs ache." You feel that hill just as you feel the quiet of the splinter.

John Masefield, referring to the artist Jack Yeats, observed:

> Perhaps all that any artist ever does is to make significant, in after life, things that were delightful in childhood. Mr. Yeats is always making significant the delight of his days at Rosses Point.

The poet Edwin Muir writes of his childhood on an island off the northeast coast of Scotland:

> The Orkney I was born into was a place where there was no great distinction between the ordinary and the fabulous. There, as in Greece, great poetry was a general possession of mankind. . . . Poetry was taken to be a natural thing, an exercise of the heart and the imagination. . . . The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Poems of Burns" were our only books. Countless old ballads and songs had been handed down for generations. . . . They were part of our life. We knew them by heart.

A misfortune transplanted Muir's family to the slums of Glasgow. Tragedy after tragedy occurred, through a disastrous period of bafflement and misery. But suddenly to this youngest of six, now grown to manhood, those early years had "come alive after being forgotten so long," to give him what a poet needs. He called it "a symbolic stage on which the drama of human life can play itself out. . . . The bare landscape of the little island became, without my knowing it, a universal landscape."

Today poetry and its effect upon children and young people through the impressionable years is a matter of real concern to certain adults. More anthologies, books of poetry, and even volumes of light verse are being published each year. A few of them may be of high quality. But some adults may pass over this output with a shrug; they are the unlucky ones who have found nothing to offset an indifference to poetry stemming from the drudgery of school assignments, chosen in a routine fashion. In "Tom Tiddler's Ground" Walter de la Mare says:

> When I was seven I loved rhymes and jingles. When I was fourteen I thought I hated poetry, partly perhaps because I had been made to learn it for a punishment. When I was about fifteen I suddenly realized that when the poet Homer said that his great hero, Achilles, in his rage went out "black as night" he *meant* black as *night*. It was like a flash of summer lightning over a lovely country of hills and forests. From that day on, I think, I delighted in poetry more and more.

Though most small children love rhythm, many boys and girls reach maturity without a real appreciation of poetry. To quote Frances Clarke Sayers in her Introduction to the poetry section of "Anthology of Children's Literature" (Houghton Mifflin), the first essentials in helping to bring children under poetry's spell might well be to:

> Keep alive one's own susceptibility to poetry; read it aloud to children, and remember that there are many approaches: Mother Goose, nonsense rhymes, humor, storytelling poems, songs, ballads, even poems whose meaning can hardly be fathomed.
>
> What is Poetry?
> Poetry is like the stars
> Left undiscovered.
>
> So it has been defined by a child of ten.

If you read aloud something that has struck a responsive chord in you there is apt to be a response on the part of the listeners. They may catch that elusive, underlying feeling: here is some-

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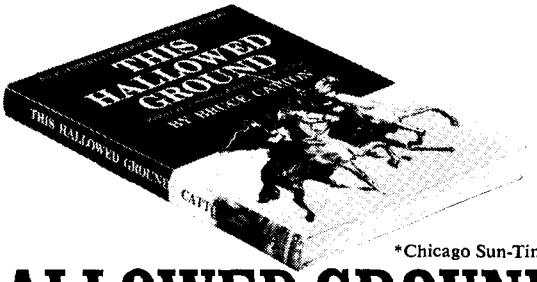

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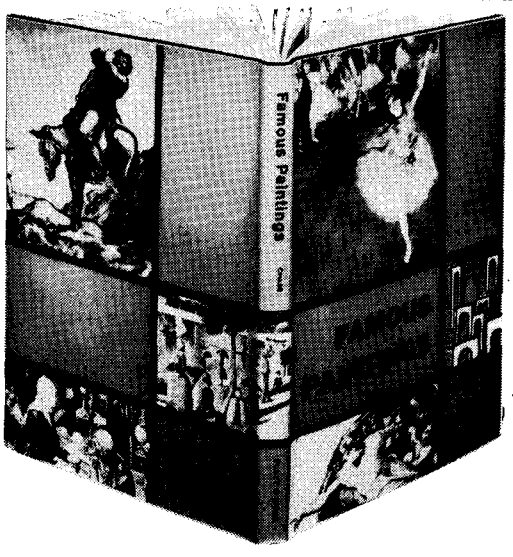

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thing so much enjoyed it had to be shared. Most young children are open-minded rather than skeptical when exposed to genuine enthusiasm. Indeed, they may find it catching, *if* the timing is right and the choice suitable. At least they will usually give it a fair hearing, out of curiosity, if nothing else.

Interest can be aroused and held by careful selections from such books as "Tirra Lirra," by Laura E. Richards, Katherine Love's "A Little Laughter," Edward Lear's "Complete Book of Nonsense," Stephen Vincent Benét's "Book of Americans," Ogden Nash's "The Moon Is Shining Bright as Day," M. B.

—From "The Singing and the Gold."

Miller's "Jungle Journey," Gerald McDonald's "Way of Knowing," Sir Herbert Read's "This Way Delight." "Imagination's Other Place," by Helen Plotz, is an unusual book, presenting as it does only poems dealing with nature and science. There are countless others. Annis Duff wrote in "Bequest of Wings":

For teen-agers poetry can open many doors that we may never know about. Humor is a great weapon. It may be used for attacking. It lowers the defense of the wary and puts them off their guard. "One can often overcome the prejudice some young people have toward poetry by quoting several humorous poems, and then, when tensions are relaxed and the mood unsuspecting, slipping in some dangerously beautiful ones. "A word of warning," counsels Amelia Munson (in "An Ample Field"), "don't ever try doing this unless you yourself thoroughly enjoy humorous verse. If you look down upon it and make use of it simply to further other ends, that disdain will be apparent and your complacent plans ruined."

> If poetry is part of one's own inner resources what could be more natural than to share its "merry serviceableness"? Not every child will respond; some may not have the kind of perceptiveness that poetry requires. But I think it a pity to leave out of any child's experience the *chance to discover* what delight and comfort it can be.

Read it aloud to yourself alone if

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need be [she advises] so that you'll not be afraid of the sound of your own voice speaking it in everyday accents. The poet's eye may well be, as Shakespeare would have us believe, in a fine frenzy rolling, but anyone who speaks of poetry to young people soon learns that his own eye must be still, his voice steady. The approach should be that of everyday, no separation here, no striving to make of poetry a thing apart from life. And why, in the name of all that is sane, should we so segregate it, when it is compounded of man's experience? This "stained glass" attitude has done much to foster an unthinking dislike for poetry. . . . Poetry should be a joyful, natural, inevitable accompaniment of speech and living. It should be permitted, as it alone can do, to set free the spirit, to give a lift to the day, to heighten the imagination, and to uncover the eternal verities.

At a Poetry Festival held in California, I heard Lillian Morrison speak about modern experimental poetry, as well as about what had gone before, with keen awareness of values in both. Sound scholarship was joined with the light touch that this author gave to "Yours Till Niagara Falls." Her wide experience with young people was apparent when she spoke of the need to take poetry out of the world of the "stickiness and ineffability" with which many teen-agers associate it. They are, she commented, terribly embarrassed by the overromantic, overdramatic, or overreverent approach. "They yearn for beauty but they hate sham—just like the poets.

"Have an open mind," she concluded, "allow it free play over the whole field. Don't shun the down-to-earth, the obscure, or the unfamiliar, until you make an attempt to discover what the author is trying to do."

Poetry

THE SINGING AND THE GOLD: Poems Translated from World Literature. *Selected by Elinor Parker. Wood engravings by Clare Leighton. Crowell.* 230 *pp.* $3.75. Here is a book to disprove the theory that "poetry is what disappears in translation." It is a new, admirably compiled anthology by one who shows here even more than in her previous good collections that perceptive quality needed to cull from a great variety of countries and periods worthy examples of their poetry to appeal to the young as well as to all of any age. In her Foreword she says:

Man's thoughts and emotions are basically the same the world over, no matter what tongue he speaks. He worships a Being greater than himself; he venerates his country or his tribe; he cares for his friends; he

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falls in love; he responds to nature. . . . He refreshes his spirit with contemplation, with poetry and music, and he dreams. It is because of this universality that I have chosen to arrange the poems by subject rather than by the more conventional way of languages.

In the section "Friendship Is a Sheltering Tree" are, among others, three short contrasting poems to share with young people: "Morning Star," from the Greek (Plato), translated by Shelley; "Remembrance," from the Russian (Vasily Zhukovsky), translated by Babette Deutsch; "True Friendship," from the Sanskrit ("The Panchatantra"), translated by Arthur Ryder.

The largest section, "Arise my love, my fair one," has a great variety to intrigue a romantic teen-age girl. The book presents fascinating possibilities for reading aloud to a group, or to one's self, with the sources covered, so that a guess may be made about the country from which a poem comes.

This anthology fills a need for boys and girls ten years of age and up, since the only similar one we have had, to my knowledge, has been out of print for many years ("Junior Anthology of World Poetry," edited by Mark Van Doren). Miss Parker's anthology is indexed as to authors, sources, title, first lines, translators, and languages, which will make it very usable. The wood engravings by Clare Leighton add distinction.

THE CRYSTAL CABINET: An Invitation to Poetry. *Compiled by Horace Gregory and Marya Zaturenska. Wood engravings by Diana Bloomfield. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 225 *pp.* $3.50. This is a fresh and diversified collection for teen-agers and, possibly adults, by two scholar poets, who possess a sure feeling for the bits and beauty of words. Many poems not found in other anthologies are here, including a few translations. To tempt the reader on and on, the old and new elbow each other in diverting fashion through the well-planned arrangement by general subjects, while a title, author, and first-line index, as well as occasional notes at the back, add to the book's usability. Some of the notes provide informed comments about the poets, placing them in relation to their contemporaries or predecessors, and characterizing the special contribution made by each.

However, the note about Edwin Muir is partly incorrect. He did not spend his early life in the Hebrides, but on the Orkney Islands. And authoritative sources give the date of his death as 1959, not 1960.

The make-up of this book is good, and the wood engravings by Diana Bloomfield are small, but charming.

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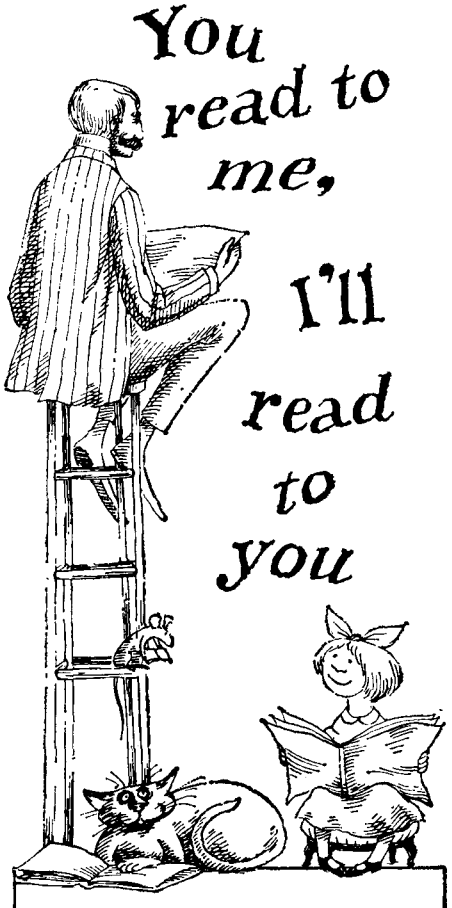

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ure is found in "Tom Tiddler's Ground," containing the "key to the whole meaning and function of poetry," as Margery Bianco said of the earlier anthology. The newer book, which might be called the oldchild of "Come Hither," is for younger children. It is first enriched by this distinguished poet's selections from old rhymes, then longer poems—all drawn from his wide knowledge of the whole range of English poetry and his feeling for what would appeal to a young person.

The poet's Notes, not nearly as many or as long as those in "Come Hither," are the kind children like to find: bringing clarity to what might be puzzling and indicating what could have been in the poet's mind when he wrote it. In these Notes and in his brief Introduction, touches characteristic of de la Mare are found. He points out that this is but a brief glimpse of the great feast of English poetry, and mentions a few "oughts" with regard to poetry and the love of it.

In his Foreword Leonard Clark explains the title, comparing poetry to an old children's game, in which "gold" and "silver" could be picked up freely on Tom Tiddler's Ground. This collection was first published in England in 1932, with illustrations reproduced from wood engravings by Thomas Bewick. Later it went out of print. During the war years the Bewick wood engravings were lost, but Margery Gill, a gifted English artist, illustrated a new edition. The English edition was reset in larger type for this American edition. An index of authors and first lines is included, but no index of titles.

YOU READ TO ME. I'LL READ TO YOU. *By John Ciardi. Drawings by Edward Gorey. Lippincott.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. This is an experiment and, like all such, we shall need to await results to discover how the formula works. It involves verses using a first-grade vocabulary for the child to read, alternating with those for the parent or teacher to read to the child.

Although there is more variety here than in some verses written in a limited vocabulary, there is a certain unevenness in quality, and a number of them seem derivative. Small children, however, will enjoy in particular the Hallowe'en verse, "What Night Would It be," and "My House Jack."

Unfortunately, to me the illustrations lack genuine humor. But. . . .

One man's pun is another man's platitude,
And one man's fun is another man's flatitude.

THE FLATTERED FLYING FISH AND OTHER POEMS. *By E. V. Rieu. Illustrated by E. H. Shepard. Dutton.* 101 *pp.* $2.95. During his career as publisher, editor of Penguin Classics, and translator of "The Odyssey" and other classics, Dr. Rieu, a British poet and scholar, has found, at long intervals, relaxation in writing poems and verses. Many of these reveal the humor he discovers under the surface of all kinds of situations. Apparently, he is a

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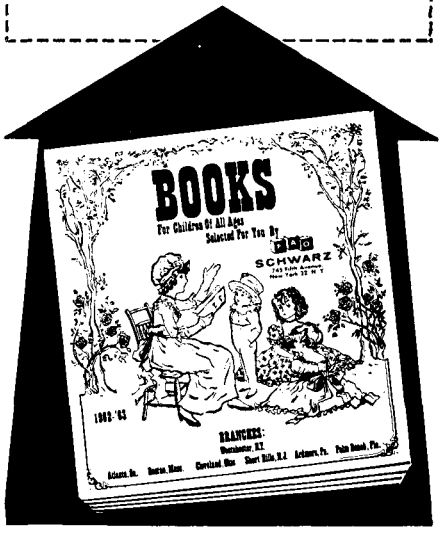

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SATURDAY REVIEW
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—From "The Flattered Flying Fish."

perfectionist, for we are told that he has kept most of these poems beside him for years, to be tested for lightness and compactness, to be tried on the tongue and polished. One is reminded of that other scholar Lewis Carroll, as well as of Edward Lear.

More than half of these verses appeared in England in a collection called "A Puffin Quartette of Poets," selected by Eleanor Graham, which also had poems by Eleanor Farjeon, Reeves, and Serraillier. But since that paperback is no longer available in America, this small volume—whose illustrations are exactly right for the text—is most welcome. Children will find that the poems are full of fun and have a swing to them, as in the last verse from "Lullaby for a Naughty Girl":

So sleep my Penelope; slaps are the fate
Of all little girls who are born to be great.
But the world is a lovelier place than it seems,
And a smack cannot follow you into your dreams.

THE BALLAD OF THE PILGRIM CAT. *By Leonard Wibberley. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Ives Washburn. 42 pp. $2.50.* A fresh wind enlivens this ballad of the familiar voyage of the *Mayflower* and the landing of the Pilgrims, partly because its creator brings to it the same perspective he brought to the American Revolution in his Treegate stories. He views the American scene from the vantage point of one whose roots and early years were not in this country, and couples it with a humorous imagination. Here is a light touch to brighten the Thanksgiving season and make the Pilgrim Fathers seem more human. Though occasional tongue-in-cheek interpolations are from an adult angle, the ballad will pass the test of being read aloud over and over by someone who enjoys its particular gusto, because of the smooth swinging of the lines and the suspenseful action.

Miss Pru is a real person, loyal to her cat, the villain of the piece, who rings true to egocentric feline nature. There is fun and a spontaneity to which boys and girls will respond as they do when they hear some of the livelier ballads from Steven Vincent Benét's "A Book of Americans."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Poetry book reviews are by Alexandra Reid Sanford. The balance of the reviews in Books for Young America are by Alice Dalgliesh.

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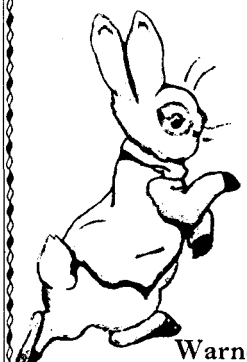

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FICTION

Love and War in Counterpoint

"Flush Times," by Warren Miller *(Little, Brown. 370 pp. $4.95), sets an American's quest for identity against the background of the Cuban overthrow of Batista. Saul Maloff is now on the faculty of literature at Bennington College.*

By SAUL MALOFF

IN HIS new novel Warren Miller again sets the action in Cuba, the scene of his "90 Miles from Home," that extraordinarily fine and moving report on Castro's revolution. In the earlier book Miller brought the deadly accurate eye and ear of a sensitive reporter to the difficult job of conveying a sense of what Cuba was like in the immediate aftermath of Castro's descent upon Havana. What was even more impressive, he brought to it the novelist's instinct for the sharply illuminating and perfectly right detail; the sudden, revealing scene and gesture; the tone of voice that tells the tale; the quirk that lays open the human—the "personal"—meaning of a tremendous historical event, the human response to the immediate moment.

Now, in "Flush Times," the action takes place in 1959, the final stage of the war against Batista, when the rattle of guns and the detonation of bombs were accustomed noises in Havana; and the men with the beards, having triumphed elsewhere, were preparing the conclusive thrust against the capital city. Here, however, the protagonist is not the Cuban people in that first intoxication of a revolution achieved, that first delirious sense that everything is possible. Rather, the central figure of the novel is an American, Jonathan Weller, who happens, almost accidentally, to be in Cuba at the time of the revolution, engaged in altogether other business—trying by all possible means to locate his own center.

He never finds it. The story of his pathetic dissolution, his descent from a love briefly achieved, is played contrapuntally against Castro's victory, the confused tones of his anguish against the distant booming of the guns. Against the background of historic power reaching its climactic moment Miller sets the long and painful analogue of Weller's representative (and literal) impotence. In the end, the counterpoint resolves on a sudden, single note: their victory and his defeat occur almost simultaneously—one total and exultant, the other violent and rather sordid, though it is in design emblematic.

That counterpoint comprises the novel. One line prevails and the other is kept muted, though we are always aware of it as distant rumblings in the mountains, furtive movements in the streets, that press against our consciousness. The dominant action plays out the fates not of Cubans but of the expatriate colony: syndicate gamblers and racketeers, ladies of pleasure and ladies of odd tastes, dope-runners and killers, degenerate aristocrats in varying stages of decay. With all of them Weller is involved, as participant in their shabby fates but chiefly as ironic onlooker, spectrally present, while he moves in search of some part of himself that will last and make the whole viable.

In method, the novel is composed of episodes, brief scenes, shifting encounters. The structure is loose and flexible, so loose that at times, under the pressure of Miller's effort to encompass and render the whole of his scene, the form almost breaks its mold, or is granted so much freedom as to amount to the same thing. Although the freedom Miller allows himself exceeds permissible limits, it is this that produces the novel's best moments, and they are frequent. These are moments of reckless exuberance, a kind of euphoria of a prodigal talent. The novel is charged with a sense of the ridiculous, which is, of course, Miller's moral attitude toward the world of his story. In consequence we cannot quite bring ourselves to believe in the fable of Weller's quest.

The novel's flaws, then, are excesses of its most striking virtues: and its most impressive virtues are stylistic—a verbal plenitude, a technical resourcefulness, a comic and satiric inventiveness. If these rare gifts can be forced to some powerful focus, contained by ruthless, self-denying control, we shall have every reason to expect major work from Warren Miller.

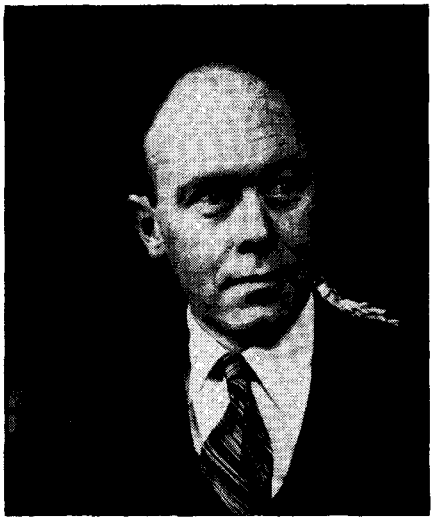
Between the Drum and Telegram

"Unity's Children," by Thomas Sterling *(Atheneum. 309 pp $5), portrays the political and personal conflicts that help to shape a fictional new African state. Novelist Edward McSorley is the author of "Kitty, I Hardly Knew You."*

By EDWARD McSORLEY

WHILE the comedy of independence is being played in Hermosa, one of the new West African states, Seth Oluwole-Jones, already toppled from power, pursues a policy of protecting himself as best he can, by whatever means he can, while he waits for the men who have deposed him to blunder seriously enough for him to regain ascendancy. Meanwhile, the tribal rivalries that have existed for so long that no one now remembers who was the aggressor, are kept alive in more or less the same balance that the imperialists kept them.

This is the general background of Mr. Sterling's novel, which is remarkable



Thomas Sterling—acutely observant.

for the acuteness of its observations, its exploration of the conflicts implicit in forces at work to weld a new nation, and the bitterness and cruelty that inevitably result. The author's "Stanley's Way" has already established him as one of the very few American writers intimate enough with the African enig-

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ma to present it with clarity and compassion.

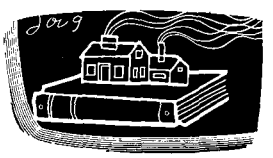
Within the framework of the historical process which he so brilliantly discusses, Mr. Sterling creates characters with skill, and they live for us because they have the truth of the genuine symbol. Unity (which seems a strange name for an African girl) is a delightfully imagined woman of the new Africa, in whom the old Africa, with its magic and paradox, still vibrates. She combines the qualities of Bamu, whom Joyce Cary's "Mr. Johnson" married, with the sophistication of Cary's "African Witch," Lizbeth. She is passionately and superbly a woman, and the trials she encounters she accepts with the grace and courage that only innocence commands.

Noah Addams, an American Negro journalist, appears in Hermosa searching for his roots in the vague past and offering himself and his skill as a propagandist to the new state, or at least to Mr. Oluwole-Jones, who represents one faction of it. Addams is a sadly bewildered man when he arrives, and his adventures in the power struggle, complicated by his relationship with Unity, leave him at the end of the book just about as frustrated as he was the day that he stepped off the plane.

General Mallam, ruthless and conniving, has delicately balanced his army with soldiers from both of the traditionally hostile tribes, enabling him to maneuver with impunity against both sides on one level, while the strength of his army elevates him to a position which his civilian opponents cannot safely challenge. His difficulty lies in the fact that the soldiery, before it got its uniforms, were Mbanta and Alabi tribesmen, and therefore "very indifferent policemen."

Mr. Oluwole-Jones was seasoned in the United States during the Depression and operates without illusions about himself or anyone else, individually or collectively. Wisely, though, he depends on the people to save themselves and incidentally himself from General Mallam; and, also wisely, he employs the subtle techniques of modern communication, which aren't much different in essence from the drums and songs of the ancient Africans.

But the compelling force of Unity's presence, seen and unseen, heard and unheard, is the author's major achievement. She is exploited, slightly contaminated, even nearly abandoned. And she is beautiful, wise, and durable.



An Imaginary Savagery

***"The Black List," by Ian Brook** (Putnam. 278 pp. $4.50), tells of a near-successful attempt by an African lawyer in London and his cult of Leopardmen to seize control of Britain. Robert Massie is acquainted with many African leaders at the U.N. and elsewhere.*

By ROBERT MASSIE

NOT MANY novels are written these days for the purpose of making white people hate black people, but this is one. Moreover, not many novels written for such a purpose could come close to success; but this one shows enormous, albeit savage, skill. The author, who hides behind the pseudonym "Ian Brook," is a former member of the British Colonial Service. Perhaps he was thrown out of his job when independence came to some African country. At any rate, he hates Africans, and especially African political leaders, with burning passion. He fuels his book with this hate, but he keeps it from turning into a tirade. Instead, he is malicious, clever, witty, and, often, revolting. The reader never knows, as he turns the pages of this vivid, zany nightmare, whether he is about to discover some droll new evidence of African buffoonery or be confronted with the clinical details of an African human sacrifice.

The plot is fantastic but relatively simple: with the withdrawal of the British, Africa is reverting to its natural anarchic state of tribalism and terror. Worse, since British immigration laws do not bar entry to persons from other Commonwealth countries, the criminals and evil superstitions of Africa flow unimpeded into Britain, turning London into a new heart of darkness, whose prince is Ephraim Omonozonu, an African chief who lives and practices law in London and who secretly wants to rule Britain. Every day he drives past Buckingham Palace and looks at it enviously.

In order to seize power, Ephraim needs the backing of thousands of Africans and West Indians living in British cities. These folk are brought into line by the workings of the Leopard Cult, a ritual murder society which rakes its victims with steel claws after tearing out their throats. Ephraim, of course, is High Priest of the Leopardmen; but he needs allies, so he recruits Justin Oday, ambassador from their African homeland. Justin fearfully completes the requirements for initiation, first degrading and then butchering his blonde secretary before the approving eyes of cult members. This is as shocking and grisly a scene as modern fiction has managed in some years. There is another murder a few chapters later—two small boys are killed in similar fashion —but by then the reader's stomach is stronger.

Brook despises whites who fawn on Africans almost as much as he hates the Africans themselves. Ephraim, whose secret life is never suspected, is lionized and eventually elected to Parliament by adoring ladies who publicly apologize for the crimes wrought on Africa by white men, and offer themselves in joyous expiation to "do with me what you will." London is saved from Ephraim's waxing powe in a fittingly bloody conclusion to this fantastic book.

Select Circles

By W. Price Turner

THESE educated snake-charmers
with their lacquered wicker baskets
and two finger tunes, are a riot
performing in little groups.

It is a kind of jazz they play,
an ungobbling of endless spaghetti:
the first man to fill his plate
Siphons his pet to take a bow.

So the hinged lid rises and the joke
snake wobbles its hood and nods
like a ball bobbing on a spray
while all the crooked tongues sway too.

Each fakir solos and subsides;
now I recall the bright school prank
of popping carbide in inkwells.
Anything to gain attention.

For one of these smooth trick items
you can snap the catch on quick,
a house trained phantom ripe to rise
and fall for the same shrill pitch,

on bad days I'd swop my own
old bone-crusher of a python,
if I knew any way out of this
damn pit I dug to keep him in.

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SOME COMMENTS ON KAMA KALA

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—*The Observer*, London.

"The friezes and figures are extraordinarily fine."

—*The Spectator*, London.

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—*Daily Telegraph*, London.

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"Excellent scholarly publication."

—*Frankfurter Rundschau*, Frankfurt.

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—*L'Express*, Paris.

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—*Die Weltwoche*, Zürich.

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Continued from page 23

and finally the resumed and anti-Semitic purges of Stalin in the Forties.

Ehrenburg says on the first page of this volume (and has repeated often in the further volumes published in Russia): "I have survived—not because I was stronger or more far-seeing but because there are times when the fate of a man is not like a game of chess dependent on skill but like a lottery."

Some have claimed Stalin passed Ehrenburg a lucky ticket in the lottery or that Ehrenburg fixed the draw in his own favor. Be that as it may, none can deny that Ilya Ehrenburg is handsomely squaring his accounts with his conscience and whatever God he may acknowledge.

If the new Russian generation is to have a Western-oriented heritage; if it is to understand the Western ethos; if it is to regard itself as being of Europe rather than of Asia or of some detached quasi-world of "Communism"; if it is to measure men by the standard of truth and reality rather than by paper pledge and propaganda assertion; if it is to understand Europe's role in Russia and Russia's role in Europe; if it is to appreciate who was

good and who was bad in the nightmare years of Russia from 1924 to 1953—the debt will largely be in Ehrenburg's account.

For in the guise of a literary memoir Ehrenburg is writing one of the most powerful political testaments of his day. And in the process he is creating as important and facinating a document as has emerged from the USSR.

One Russia to Another

"Reunion in Moscow," by Markoosha Fischer *(Harper & Row. 240 pp. $5), examines postwar political and social developments in the USSR since the author left the country in 1939. Ludmilla N. Shapiro, a Muscovite until 1954, was formerly Moscow correspondent for the London Observer.*

By LUDMILLA N. SHAPIRO

MARKOOSHA FISCHER enjoys the rare advantage among writers about the Soviet Union of having known intimately pre-Revolutionary Russia and the early years of the Soviet regime. With her husband, Louis Fischer, she was once sympathetic to the "brave new world" that they thought the Russians were building. Disenchantment came with the rise of Great Russian nationalism and the bloody political purges of the mid-Thirties. The Fischers left Moscow in 1939 to joint the growing legion of liberal anti-Soviet writers.

Upon returning to Russia, twenty-two years later Mrs. Fischer half expected to be met by security officers and marched off to the Siberian salt mines. She was pleasantly surprised that the Soviet authorities of the Khrushchev era had developed sufficient maturity and sophistication completely to ignore her and let her roam about the familiar Muscovite haunts in search of erstwhile companions. She reports the almost universally warm reception by her friends, many of whom had survived victimization by Stalinist terrorism. They showed little or no fear to communicate and compare notes with a prominent anti-Communist American intellectual. Through her old acquaintances and newly established contacts she also met many of the post-Stalin generation of Russians, and gained valuable insights into contemporary Soviet society. Although her broad sympathies for the Russian people and for the country, as distinguished from the political regime, are evident, the author's account and assessment of Soviet realities appear to be soberly balanced and objective.

The story of Mrs. Fischer tells of her Moscow dialogues and of her impressions is simple and straightforward. It contains no sensational revelations of the alleged apathy of the older generation of Bolsheviks or seething discontent among youth, as sometimes reported by less qualified foreign observers. It is singularly devoid of the customary gossip heard in the diplomatic cocktail set. Since to the author the history of Russia did not begin when she landed at the Moscow International Airport and did not end one month later when she returned to America, she is able to examine postwar political and social developments with the proper perspective.

Although she was fully aware of the temptation to contrast Russia with America, because of her unusual background she was able to compare "Russia with Russia," the country she knew well from 1912 to the eve of the Second World War.

Mrs. Fischer does not pretend to have made a major contribution towards a new understanding of Soviet complexities. The account of her voyage of rediscovery and her uninhibited conversations with people she had not dared hope to see again merely confirms what is already largely known—that since Stalin's death the Soviet Union has been undergoing significant transformation. But the sum total of her perceptive impressions do amount to a broad picture of life and attitudes, of the moods, hopes, and frustrations of Soviet intellectuals and average citizens. It will be useful reading to students of Khrushchevian society.

The book is remarkably free from many of the inaccuracies on the minutiae of Soviet life one might expect from a writer who has been as long away from the country as Mrs. Fischer. It is all the more regrettable that some factual errors did creep in; for example, the assertion that Tchaikovsky's music was once banned. Or that the triumvirate that ruled Russia immediately after Stalin's death consisted of Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Khrushchev (it was Malenkov, Molotov, and Beria).

THOMAS WENTWORTH
by C. V. WEDGWOOD

He was arrogant, ambitious, eager to feather his own nest. But he served Charles I with unsparing loyalty—only to be sent to the gallows by the ungrateful King.

In her latest book C. V. Wedgwood recreates Thomas Wentworth's life from newly available sources. "She exhibits more than narrative skill...she looks deeply into Wentworth's motives and actions, and she not only shows that she has mastered the details of that richly documented age but also that she has captured its spirit and meaning, intensely significant for an understanding of our own time."
—*Saturday Review*

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Klemperer's Beethoven—Gorr, Kabaiwanska

AS A personification of perseverance over ailments and accidents, misfortune and mishap, Otto Klemperer's first New York appearance in twenty years merited the warmth of the reception that greeted him in Carnegie Hall as conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. But his conducting of Beethoven's "Pastorale" and "Eroica" symphonies had much more promise than fulfillment (other than fulfillment of his lightest, slightest wish by the infinitely obliging ensemble).

The once-towering figure now moves to the front of the stage slowly and, once there, seats himself on a high stool which takes the strain of support from his legs. His gestures are precise and there could be no doubt that he had worked hard and effectively to reduce the glossy sheen of the orchestra's sound to his own more ascetic preferences. Only a conductor whose experience was equaled by his determination could have thinned the richly stranded texture of these players to the transparency he desired.

But what of flow and grace, pace and momentum? Ask not, lest the question itself divulge ignorance of Klemperer's access to the one, the true gospel of Beethoven. This "Pastorale" did not stroll; it dawdled over the terrain in a didactic overturning of stones and scrutiny of waters lest some hitherto obscure detail escape attention. There was, in the thanksgiving after the storm, something like a surge of power to a climax, but it came too late and lasted too short a time to commend the whole treatment as valid. Oddly, too, for a program made of the only two Beethoven symphonies with descriptive titles, there was little that was pictorial or delineative in Klemperer's conceptions. Even though the "Eroica" was closer to a common view of its content, it lacked the one quality this music must have—heroic scope. Repressed and held down in its dynamic scale, full of fussy emphasis on secondary voices (chord notes in horns and trumpets transformed into proclamations of secret meaning), it left no doubt that this was Klemperer's Beethoven. But what of Beethoven's?

Erich Leinsdorf's first subscription concerts as music director of the Boston Symphony were equally expressive of strong convictions that such a conductor's function is to perform symphonies. There were four in all, two per program, with a range from the fourth of Schumann and the first of Mahler to the seventh of Piston and Stravinsky's "Symphonie des Psaumes." Excerpts from a Bach cantata (No. 18) on the Stravinsky-Mahler evening and the Bartok "Concerto" earlier in the week hardly qualified as lightly contrasting. There was every indication, in the Stravinsky and Mahler, that Leinsdorf has a high awareness of the prizable opportunity he enjoys, that he and the orchestra are partners in an all-out effort. I didn't hear the flexibility or sense of intercommunication that characterizes a wholly mutual understanding of conductor and conducted, but those are the results for which Leinsdorf has just begun to strive.

THE reappearance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" in the Metropolitan's repertory amounted to something more, musically, than on some past occasions, primarily because of Fausto Cleva's return to their direction and his thorough knowledge of what they require. He also had the stimulus of a new Santuzza in Rita Gorr, and a new Nedda in Raina Kabaiwanska.

As Santuzza, Miss Gorr's possessive effect on the auditor's attention gave meaning and impact to the plight of her character.

She sounded, however, not yet wholly adjusted to her surroundings, producing more sound than needed and of a brightness that tended to stand out from her fellow performers rather than blend with it. These included Barry Morell (vice Daniele Barioni) as a capably caddish Turiddu, though vocally a size small for this theatre, Lorenzo Testi as a gruff enough Alfio, and Lili Chookasian as a completely traditional Mamma Lucia. As Lola, Rosalind Elias turned a small part into a bright spot.

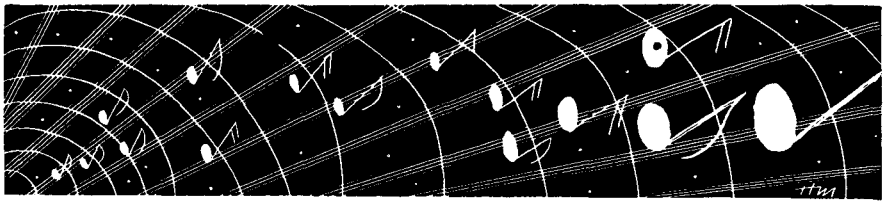
Miss Kabaiwanska's attributes include a sound of the true *lirico spinto* (strong lyric) kind, excellent appearance, grace in movement, and more than casual command of dramatic resource. Rather than being the kind of soprano for whom Nedda lies at a vocal perimeter, Miss Kabaiwanska suggested in her debut that she is capable of dealing with much more consequential matters, to her advantage and ours. She, too, was overproducing, with some stridence in the upper range of the voice, but this is a good voice, well focused and under sure control. Mario Sereni sang a splendid "Prologo" and Carlo Bergonzi's tones soared through the music of Canio with freedom and appropriate vibrance.

More evidence of care in preparation was offered in the returned "Fledermaus," now under the musical direction of Silvio Varviso. Most of the performers were new to their parts, including Dino Formichini as Alfred, Elizabeth Soederstroem as Rosalinda, and Annaliese Rothenberger as Adele. Unfortunately, like Varviso, they tended to be delivering sixty watts of power in a 100-watt situation.

Light as it is, and something of an operatic off-evening, "Fledermaus" nevertheless demands high projective power to make an effect in a theatre the size of the Metropolitan—just the kind of projective power provided by Richard Tucker, Ljuba Welitsch, and Patrice Munsel in these parts when "Fledermaus" was first offered in the Gerard settings. Nor should it be forgotten that it was Eugene Ormandy who engineered the explosive energy to rocket the rhythmic zest of "Fledermaus" into the Metropolitan auditorium. Until Varviso provides some part of this impulse, to begin with, and the singers respond in kind, all the good will expended on perparation is fated to remain a secret between the performers and those in the front seats.

WHAT kind of pianist undertakes Beethoven's "Hammerklavier" Sonata (B flat, Opus 106) and Bach's "Goldberg" variations as the teeter-totter of an evening's equilibrium? Only such a bold soul as Tamas Vasary, who struck fire in his performance of a Liszt concerto with the Cleveland Orchestra last season. A wiser one would reckon that a sound performance of either would be a sufficient evening's work, but Vasary was repulsed by the speed at which he pursued his objective in Beethoven—which seemed to be pianistic pride rather than musical verity. Given a more reasonable opportunity for expression, confidence remains that Vasary's gifts are sizable ones.

—IRVING KOLODIN.



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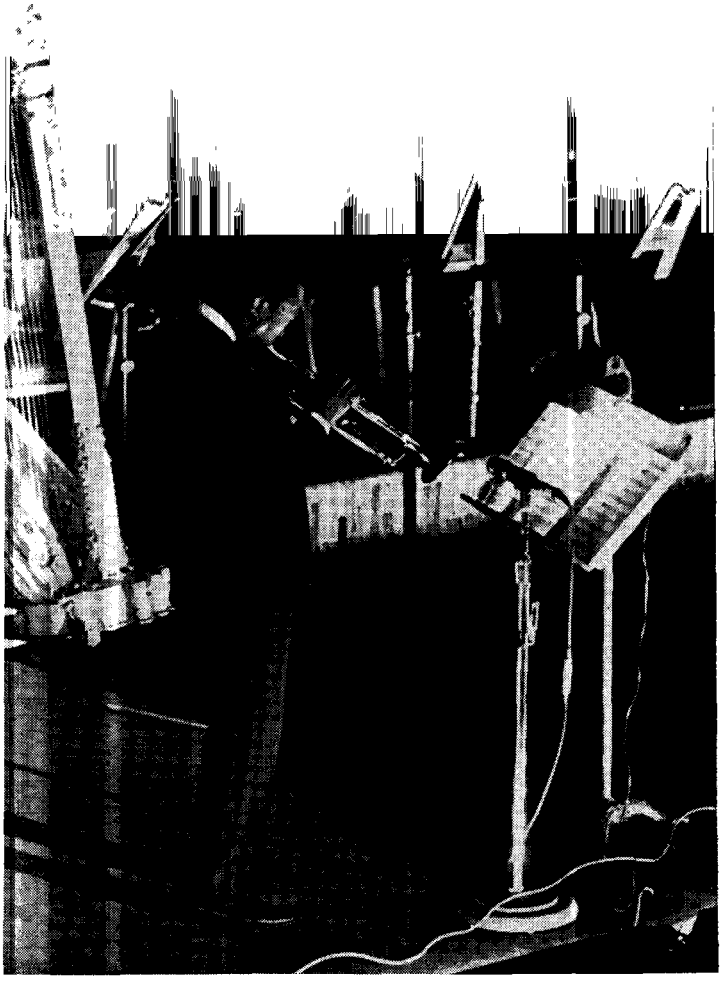

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

MILES DAVIS

A Man Walking

By MARTIN WILLIAMS

A RECENT LP of Miles Davis "At Carnegie Hall" preserves a 1961 concert and is almost a summary of that trumpeter's various activities during the past few years—activities that have brought him a popularity, even an adulation, previously granted to only a small number of authentic jazzmen. There are the up-tempo jazz standards by a quintet, and in this case "Oleo" is taken fast enough to get away from Davis at a couple of points; there are the slow ballads, in this case such otherwise unspeakably mawkish material as "Some Day My Prince Will Come" and "Spring Is Here," which are made palatable by Davis's intensely involved rephrasing of their melodies; there are several pieces with the trumpeter accompanied by a Gil Evans orchestra, which provides him with a setting that is in some ways ideal. Then there are more experimental pieces like "So What." On the whole, Miles Davis is a lucky man, I suppose, for apparently he can have it both ways: his records seem to please those who want their music to be only a kind of fairly lively background sound issuing from their phonographs, and he also pleases those who expect the strongest kind of emotional statements from jazz and who expect the kind of musical and esthetic interest that the best jazzmen provide.

The lightness of his trumpet sound has something to do with his broad acceptance, to be sure, and because of that lightness he has been called "a man walking on eggshells." But Davis the musician walks firmly and sure of foot; if he ever encounters any eggshells, his intensity will probably grind them to powder.

From his earliest, sometimes faltering appearances on records, Miles Davis seemed to refute every idea anyone had about modern jazz as a virtuoso's music whose simplest passages had to alternate with a sustained barrage of sixteenth notes. But at the same time Davis was occupied with a simple lyricism in improvisation, he was so preoccupied with lush harmonic intervals that his solos sometimes seemed about to become a succession of pretty and perhaps bland sound-patterns. Some of them were commendably good—he managed, for instance, to follow Charlie Parker's astonishing invention on "Embraceable You" without sounding silly, in fact sounding very good. And he was an ideal for Parker's technical and emotional exuberance.

Miles Davis's first recordings under his own name were made in 1947 when he was only twenty-one, and the fact that they have a decidedly individual character is even more notable when we remember that he was surrounded by such accomplished players as Parker (on tenor for the occasion), John Lewis, and Max Roach. The atmosphere on these performances is more relaxed, the themes are more fluent and more legato, and, although Davis has clearly learned from Parker and Dizzy Gillespie, he seemed also to be reaching back to the easy, introverted phrasing of Lester Young. Davis's themes on those records have a built-in harmonic complexity. "Sippin' at Bells," for example, is a twelve-bar blues, but it is so written that the soloist has to find his way through an obstacle course of some eighteen assigned chord-changes in a single chorus. And the shifting structure of "Little Willie Leaps" (borrowed, by the way, from "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm") almost throws so able a man as John Lewis. The wonder is that a man who plays with such apparent simplicity of melodic line as Miles Davis would have wanted such technical challenges. But he did, and he learned plenty from the experience. And once he had learned it, he showed, as we shall see, the artist's wisdom of forgetting, but still knowing, what he had learned.

AMONG the most celebrated of Davis's records are the series he recorded with nine-piece groups for Capitol. They have been celebrated for the work of the arrangers involved—Gil Evans, Gerry Mulligan, John Lewis, Johnny Carisi, and Davis—but if they proved nothing else, they would prove that Miles Davis, already an interesting and personal soloist, could produce two great improvisations, each one great in a different way. His blues solo on "Israel" is a beautiful example of classic simplicity of melody and of a personal reassessment of the mood of the blues. His chorus on "Move" is a striking episode of meaningful asymmetry, and it has some phrasing that is so original that one can only say that, rhythmically, it seems to turn back on itself while moving steadily forward.

Many a promising jazzman's career has come to a standstill after such achievements as these two solos, but Miles Davis had more to offer. Happily,

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he found a way to offer it, incidentally against both personal odds and a long-enduring public apathy (not to say hostility) toward his idiom.

Davis once confessed that he was not pleased with many of his own recordings, but he admitted to liking the series he did for Blue Note with trombonist J. J. Johnson. It happens that Davis recorded twice for Blue Note with Johnson. I don't know which was the session he liked, but on each of them he used pieces from Gillespie's early repertory ("Woody 'n' You," "Ray's Idea," "Chance It," and others written along the same lines), pieces from his own past ("Enigma," for one, is improvised around the framework of Davis's "Deception"). Like Louis Armstrong in his earliest records, and like Roy Eldridge in his early repertory and Gillespie in his, Davis in effect reinterpreted, in his own terms, the immediate past of jazz—and he did it for much the same reason, in order to move on.

In the spring of 1954 Miles Davis was reborn musically. He recorded two blues, a fast "Blue 'n' Boogie" and a slower "Walkin'," with J. J. Johnson, Lucky Thompson on tenor sax, Horace Silver on piano, Percy Heath on bass, and Kenny Clarke on drums. As pianist Dick Katz has put it, it is as if they had decided to hold to a musical discourse on ten years of modern jazz, deciding what to retain and what to reject, and discovering what to do next.

What to do next involved a simplification and redistribution of the basic language, and one can hear it taking place in Davis himself.

The harmonic affectations were behind him. He was interested in a direct building up of melodic content; and he had learned to make pause, silence, and space a crucially expressive part of his musical language. Beginning now, one passionate note from Miles Davis seemed to imply a whole complex of expressive sound, and three notes a ravishing melody. Some of his best solos were also a logical development of linking, sequential ideas, each taking off from the preceding and moving along its way. At the same time, he had discovered his own sound on trumpet, as the emotional intensity of his musical message found its expression in an often tightly muted horn played close to a microphone.

The best introduction to Davis's particular distillation of jazz music is a comparison in the theme he has called variously "Sid's Ahead" or "Weirdo." In this piece Davis has abstracted the theme of "Walkin'" and reduced it to an essence of three notes, and he has done it so brilliantly as to make the delightfully original "Walkin'" seem forevermore decorative. Davis's best improvising has the same evocative economy.

The "Blue 'n' Boogie" date was no fluke, for almost on its heels Davis recorded excellent variations on "But Not for Me." And soon after he produced a lovely solo on "The Man I Love" and his ingenious development on "Bags' Groove"—these also including first-rate Milt Jackson and (on "Bags' Groove") brilliant Thelonious Monk. At the same time, a culturally lagging public was catching up to modern jazz and each of these men was destined for public popularity and success.

DAVIS first achieved it in a quintet with tenor saxophonist John Coltrane (a foil to Davis as Davis had been to Parker) and a rhythm section which gave him a subtly smooth continuity, the impetus of a variety of time signatures, and the ingeniously complementary polyrhythmic accents of drummer Philly Joe Jones. Take a performance like "Bye Bye Blackbird": the theme is given slowly on trumpet, accompanied by a light two-beat. This is converted into a light, even four, with countermovements from Jones's sticks, during Davis's two variations—and that bouncy little ditty is converted into beautiful melody.

With growing success, a new alliance between Miles Davis and orchestrator Gil Evans could be underwritten by Davis's new record contract with Columbia. The Evans-Davis association has produced three LPs, the most celebrated of which is the first, "Miles Ahead." "Sketches of Spain," however, produced at least one really arresting performance. The effort to reorchestrate the first movement of Joaquín Rodrigo's "Concierto de Aranjuez for Guitar & Orchestra" for Davis is a curious failure, but Davis's "Saeta"—traditionally a lament for the dead Christ—has a stark, deeply felt, yet impersonal passion that jazz has probably not known since King Oliver.

Acclaim of course invites complacency, but for "Kind of Blue," a most remarkable LP, Miles Davis resisted the temptation to make formulas of his successes and repeat himself. The music was improvised on material brand new to most of the players, new even in the free form some of the solos were to take. For instance, "Flamenco Sketches" (mislabled "All Blues") asks the player to take up five different scales, and improvise on each in turn for as long as he wishes. And "So What" asks the player to make his melody out of one scale for sixteen measures, another scale for eight measures, then back to the first scale for eight, and so forth.

Perhaps a closer look at the heritage of his style will give a better clue to what Miles Davis's music has to say. There are ideas of Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker in Miles Davis, so transmuted and put to such different use that they are almost unrecognizable. There is a dedicated reverence for Lester Young in his playing. Sometimes the edge and the curve of his sound suggests that Davis reinterprets the whole range of sonority of the Duke Ellington trumpets of 1939—it is as if he wanted to capture Cootie Williams's growl and Rex Stewart's squeezed half-valve sounds, and the textures of the whole brass section on his own open or Harmon-muted horn. But more than any of these, there is one influence that dominates. Miles Davis has reached back two generations and brought up to date something in the jazz tradition; more than any other single player, Miles Davis echoes Louis Armstrong. Hear his paraphrase of almost any standard theme. And that is particularly worth saying because, beneath his sophistications and through his transmutations, Davis's horn echoes something of Armstrong's exuberant, humorous, forceful, committed, self-determined joy as well.

DISCOGRAPHY

"Miles Davis at Carnegie Hall" Columbia Cl 1812/CS 8612.

The Charlie Parker "Embraceable You" is currently on Parker Record LP 407. The Davis session which produced "Sippin' at Bells" and "Little Willie Leaps" is on Savoy 12001 and 12009, and "The Birth of the Cool" on Capitol T 762 preserves the Davis nonet, playing "Israel," "Move," and the rest.

The two sessions for Blue Note with trombonist J. J. Johnson appear on 1501 and 1502. "Walkin'" and "Blue 'n' Boogie" are on Prestige 7076; "Sid's Ahead" is on Columbia CL 1193. The all-star session which produced "Bags' Groove" and "The Man I Love" are collected on Prestige 7109 and 7150, and the former also includes Davis's variations on "But Not for Me."

Of the several collections by the Davis Quintet that featured John Coltrane and Philly Joe Jones, perhaps the best is, "Round About Midnight" (Columbia CL 949/CS 8649), which includes "Bye Bye Blackbird." "Sketches of Spain" is Columbia CL 1480/CS 8271, and "Kind of Blue" is Columbia CL 1355/CS 8163. An album called "In Person" (Columbia C2L 20/C2S 820), recorded in a night club, has Davis playing with less polish but more self-challenge than on studio dates—a handy refutation to those who complain of his stage manner, for obviously that manner can be all music.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Milt Buckner: "Midnight Mood." Buckner, organ; Johnny Pate, bass; Maurice Sinclaire, drums. Argo LP-702, $4.98.	Buckner has been playing organ for ten years and this is probably his best album to date. The recording is as good as his "arrangements," which are conceived in orchestral rather than pianistic terms, and there is almost none of the blurred overloading of speakers that is so frequently a daunting feature of the jazz organ. His romantic interpretations of ballad standards, though played with a beat, are tellingly contrasted with swingers, among which "Baby, Baby All the Time" and his own "Bouncing at Dawn" are especially commendable.
Benny Goodman: "Benny Goodman in Moscow." Goodman, clarinet; with orchestra, quintet, septet and octet. RCA Victor LOC-6008, $9.96; stereo, LSO-6008, $11.96.	Though the recording quality is sometimes barely steppe-high, these performances in Moscow prove that Benny Goodman and his band didn't let the Jazz Motherland down on their recent Russian tour. There is worthy new material by John Bunch and Tadd Dameron, and Tom Newsom's "Titter Pipes" causes some very militaristic clapping, but the Muscovites seem to have appreciated such old favorites as "Stealin' Apples" and "One O'Clock Jump" just as much. Goodman, who takes the lion's share of the solos, ranges from the disinterested to the excited ("Midgets"). Zoot Sims and Joe Newman are the other chief soloists.
Jonah Jones: "Jazz Bonus." Jones, trumpet; Dick Hyman, organ; André Persiany, piano; Everett Barksdale, guitar; Kenny Burrell or Barry Galbraith, guitar; John Brown, bass; Danny Farrar, drums. Capitol T-1773, $3.98; stereo, $4.98.	Jonah Jones seems to find this change of context stimulating. The customary theme statements and polite melodic variations remain, but in the last chorus of each number he invariably gets into something exciting. "The Bells of St. Mary's," for instance, were surely never swung this hard before. Dick Hyman, the Lowery organ, and those good speakers are neatly effective, and the two guitars draw attention to the fact that not everything rocking in four-four is *bossa nova.*
Lloyd G. Mayers: "A Taste of Honey." Mayer, organ; accompanied by Oliver Nelson's orchestra. United Artists UAJ 14018, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	This differs from Oliver Nelson's successful band-and-organ album with Jimmy Smith (and Gerald Wilson's with Richard Holmes) in that the reed section has been dropped. The organ is thereby the better integrated with the nine brass and four rhythm. Nelson again proves himself an inventive and adventurous arranger. "Jackie-ing," with its marchlike theme and knowing use of Don Butterfield's tuba, is the most distinctive performance, although "Desafinado" runs it close. As a title for the frenzied number presented here, "A Taste of Honey" is an understatement. It sounds like several tastes of mead.
The Metronomes: "Something Big." Vocal quartet accompanied by Junior Mance, piano; Les Spann, guitar; Henry Grimes or Arthur Harper, bass; Grady Tate or Roy McCurdy, drums; Melba Liston, arranger and conductor. Jazzland JLP, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	It is rare to hear quartets singing vocal parts worked out as carefully as instrumental parts. Melba Liston has accomplished something very original with the Metronomes, giving them a musical entity that lifts them above the usual entertainment values. "Nobody sings like that, with notes rubbing all up against each other," they told her, but sing the parts they did, marvelously well, and the results make memorable listening.
Oscar Peterson: "The Sound of the Trio." Peterson, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Ed Thigpen, drums. Verve V6-8480, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Recorded live at the London House in Chicago (like "The Trio," Verve V6-8420), the set's five performances all emphasize the group's unity and effortless virtuosity. Peterson's style is eclectic but not eccentric, and for this reason perhaps the critical fraternity seldom acknowledges the high calibre of his playing. Though more light and shade sometimes appear desirable, one may still be thankful for the absence of theatrical mannerisms. Annotator Dom Cerulli refers to "all three meshing together in the act of jazz," which is just what these musicians do, but it can also be instructive to unmesh them and listen intently to, say, Ray Brown's bass part.
Horace Silver: "The Tokyo Blues." Silver, piano; Blue Mitchell, trumpet; Junior Cook, tenor saxophone; Gene Taylor, bass; John Harris, Jr., drums. Blue Note 4110, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Unlike many jazz pianists and composers of lesser talent, Horace Silver is astute enough to record only two albums a year, which incidentally insures both freshness and a welcome. This one was made after a successful tour of Japan early in 1962. It consists of characteristically driving performances of four well-turned Silver originals with, as a change of pace, a sensitive piano version of Ronnell Bright's "Cherry Blossom." Silver is a cheerfully energetic accompanist, and as a soloist he attractively combines lucidity, enthusiasm, invention, and a strong rhythmic awareness. The group, with a relatively new drummer, exhibits the same estimable qualities.
Ben Webster and Sweets Edison: "One Together." Webster, tenor saxophone; Edison, trumpet; Hank Jones, piano; George Duvivier, bass; Clarence Johnson, drums. Columbia CL 1891, $3.98; stereo CS 8691, $4.98. Jimmy Witherspoon and Ben Webster: "Roots." Witherspoon, vocals; Webster, tenor saxophone; Ernie Freeman, piano; Ralph Hamilton, bass; Jim Miller, drums. Reprise R 6057, $3.98; stereo. $4.98.	Anyone starved for emotion in jazz cannot do better than turn for succor to "Uncle" Ben Webster, who gives it generously and tastefully. He's in fast company on the Columbia disc, but the first surging bar of his solo on the opening blues establishes his artistic supremacy just as surely as the two tenderly rocked interpretations of ballads. Harry Edison is in fine fettle, too. On the Reprise, Webster warmly accompanies Jimmy Witherspoon, a pleasant but not electrifying blues singer. Pianist Ernie Freeman gives admirably appropriate support and there are interesting contributions from Gerald Wilson and a guitarist unmentioned on the liner.
Cootie Williams: "The Solid Trumpet of Cootie Williams." Williams, trumpet; Nat Jones, piano; Harold Dodson, bass; Bill Peeples, drums. Moodsville 27, $4.98.	The return of Cootie Williams to the Duke Ellington orchestra during September, after an absence of twenty-two years, gives this set additional significance. Though the unique Ellington climate was clearly best suited to him, Williams remained a master of the plunger-muted trumpet outside it, as he demonstrates on eight varied vehicles here. In a quiet fashion, "Birmingham Blues" is notably convincing. There is, however, a surfeit of shuffle rhythm; and a re-creation of "Concerto for Cootie," with the minimal support of a rhythm section instead of the familiar orchestral background, inevitably leads to invidious comparisons.
Coleman Hawkins: "Desafinado." Hawkins, tenor saxophone; Barry Galbraith, Howard Collins, Guitars; Tommy Flanagan, Willie Rodriguez, Eddie Locke, percussion. Impulse A.28, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	The bossa nova may prove to be only a passing fad, but it seems likely to exert an influence opposed to the "hard," blatant modes which have recently prevailed in jazz. Coleman Hawkins swings insistently here, but softly, gently. His tone, however, remains full and distinctly that of a tenor, not of an alto. Barry Galbraith and Howard Collins furnish an insinuating guitar background, and the percussion distinguishes itself throughout. Bossa nova standards like "Desafinado," "Four Leaf Clover," and "One Note Samba" are included. —STANLEY DANCE

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Sleepy John Estes

By SAMUEL CHARTERS

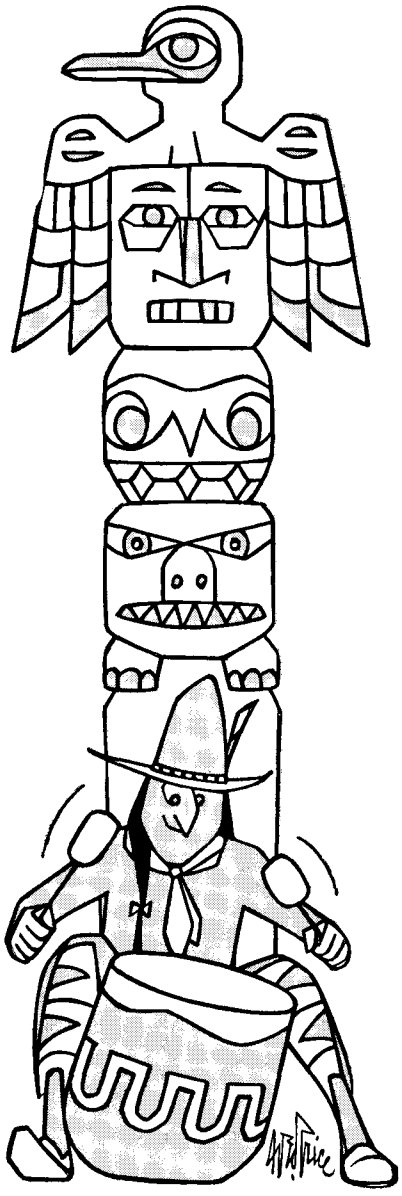
I was raised in Lawdry County,
you know I was schooled on
Winfield Lane.
I was raised in Lawdry County,
you know I was schooled on
Winfield Lane.
You know what I made of myself,
it's a cryin' shame.

Winfield Lane is a rutted, meandering dirt road four or five miles outside of Brownsville, Tennessee. The houses along the road are scattered, some of them deserted. There are fields of cotton, some grazing land for cattle, a few orchard trees; but the rest of the land is overgrown with brush and trees, and the sounds of birds fill the heavy summer air. About a mile and a half from the turnoff into Brownsville there is a sagging red cabin, the bare patch of ground in front of it littered with bits of clothing, dirty dishes, a broken chair. Only a trailing vine that has hung its spreading red flowers over the edge of the rusting corrugated iron of the roof softens the desolation that clings to the rotting boards. The cabin has two rooms; one of them empty except for a few rags that lie in the filth of the floor, the sunlight streaming across them from a gaping split in the boards at one end of the wall. In the other room is a chair, a rusted wood stove, and two dirty, unmade beds. Flies cluster around unwashed dishes left in a bucket on the floor. The cabin is without electricity or water. In the heat of a summer afternoon it looks like the other empty buildings scattered along Winfield Lane, but in the ruined cabin live an elderly blind Negro, his wife, and their five children. The man is Sleepy John Estes, one of the greatest of the traditional blues singers, whose recordings for Victor and Decca in the 1920s and 1930s are among the most highly sought collector's items, and whose singing has left a deep imprint on the development of the blues.

Since there isn't any electricity in John's cabin, when he wants to use his guitar he has to go across the road and through a field to the cabin of a friend, Philip Meux, a Negro sharecropper who has known him for most of his life. The instrument is old and nearly useless, with a broken comb replacing the bridge at the top of the neck, the wood of the body split, and the frets and fingerboard worn down from years of playing, but it has an amplification attachment, and he can plug it into his old electric amplifier. For dances and entertainments in the surrounding countryside he has to use the electric attachment to get louder than the shouting voices and stamping feet of the dancers. One of his sons, a boy about nine years old, leads him, but it is painful to sit watching as he stumbles along the path, his bent fingers clinging to the neck of his guitar, his steps hesitant and unsure, his clothes hanging ragged and dirty on his gaunt body. He has been blind only a few years, and like many men who become blind late in life he is almost helpless in the darkness that has fallen over the fields and roads that he has known since he was a boy.

IN recent years there has been a growing interest in the blues and in the older blues singers, and more and more of the men who made some of the greatest recordings of the 1920s, the first period of interest in the blues, have been found still living in city slums, or on back streets in Southern country towns. Most of them were young when they recorded, and despite their haphazard life as itinerant blues singers they often still have a remarkable vitality; many of them such as Furry Lewis, Lonnie Johnson, J. D. Short, Henry Townsend, and Pink Anderson, play and sing as well as they did thirty years ago. Older men like

(*Continued on page* 59)



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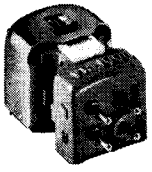

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RECORDINGS REPORTS: FOLK AND BLUES LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Leroy Carr: "Blues Before Sunrise." Carr, vocals and piano; Scrapper Blackwell and Josh White, guitars. Columbia CL 1799, $3.98.	This is a magnificent collection of sixteen sides by one of the best, and certainly one of the most popular, of all of the urban blues artists of the 1920s and 1930s. Along with Scrapper Blackwell, as a guitar-accompanying partner, Carr made a host of meaningful blues recordings during this wonderful era. Ever present throughout all of his performances is his moving barrelhouse blues-based piano style and an inherent sadness pervading the atmosphere created by the vocal renditions. Blackwell's "biting" guitar style is exhibited to its fullest, and as a team these two men were unbeatable. Particularly outstanding are "Corn Likker Blues," "Shady Lane Blues," and "Bobo Stomp."
Mike Settle and the Settlers: Folk Song "Hallelujah." Mike Settle, vocals and guitar; unidentified vocal group, flute, drums; Eric Weissberg, banjo. Folk-Sing FLP 10001. $3.98.	Folk-Sing, a new label, introduces a talented new performer and composer in its first offering. Settle, a twenty-one-year-old Oklahoman, is a most pleasing singer, particularly on slow ballads. He is backed up throughout by an unidentified vocal group, and the overall effect falls directly within the Kingston Trio approach to folk music. Two of his original ballads, "Welcome Home Sally" and "Spring Song," are extremely beautiful and this is the artist's strongest point of achievement—both as a singer and as a composer.
Cisco Houston: "I Ain't Got No Home." Houston, vocals and guitar. Vanguard VRS-9107, $4.98.	These are the last recordings made by the late Cisco Houston and, in effect, amount to his musical last will and testament. Recording but a few weeks before his untimely death in 1961, Cisco never sang, played, or sounded better than he does here. His voice is pleasant and swinging as always and his guitar playing has an unusual crispness to its sound. The seventeen selections included in this comprise an almost complete musical portrait of American balladry and of a wonderful folk artist who was with us for all too short a time.
Alberta Hunter: with Lovie Austin and Her Blues Serenaders. Hunter, vocals. Austin, piano; Jimmy Archey, trombone; Darnell Howard, clarinet; Pops Foster, bass; Jasper Taylor, drums. Riverside RLP 9418, stereo $5.98; 418, mono $4.98.	Another featured "rediscovery" of Riverside's "Living Legend" series, Miss Hunter performs seven standard blues items (also included are three band instrumentals) quite adequately and professionally. While never a blues artist of the stature of Ma Rainey or Bessie Smith, she puts forth her message fairly convincingly while backed by an excellent group of musicians who are extremely sympathetic to Miss Hunter. Despite her age (sixty-five) and her recent inactivity as a blues singer, she does manage to convey, at times, a feeling of youth and vitality in her singing.
The Pilgrim Travelers—featuring Louis Rawls. Rawls, lead vocal; three guitars, piano, organ, bass, and drums—all unidentified. Capitol Stereo ST 1768, $4.98.	With gospel music rapidly achieving a popularity and prominence it has not hitherto enjoyed, primarily due to the exposure received by Mahalia Jackson, it is most welcome to hear this group on record. Rather successful as a performing unit for the last fifteen years, they have recorded this collection of religious material with a swinging zest characteristic of only the best gospel groups. Their approach is melodic, never raucous, and devoid of much of the phony emotionalism that characterizes many gospel-styled groups. The good taste inherent in the performances is a credit to the arrangements and conducting of the two rwo responsible gent men—J. W. Alexander and Rene Hall—and the fine lead singing of Louis Rawls.
The Chad Mitchell Trio: "At The Bitter End." Joe Frazier, Chad Mitchell, and Mike Kobluk, vocals; Jim McGuinn, banjo and guitar; Fred Hellerman, guitar; Bill Lee, bass; arrangements by Milt Okun. Kapp KL 1281, $3.98.	From the extremely popular, and topical, political satire "The John Birch Society" to the rousing "You Can Tell the World," this group aptly demonstrates that it is easily the most exciting and original of all of the new folk groups which have appeared in recent months. They have the one basic ingredient that most groups seem to lack: they are swinging at all times, much as a top jazz band does. Their harmony is delightful and the attendant humor in many of the stylings is most enjoyable. These recordings were done live at the "Bitter End" in New York City, and the happy feeling conveyed by the boys is audibly in evidence.
Barbara Dane: "On My Way." Dane, vocals. Kenny Whitson, piano, cornet; Roy Johnson, piano; Wellman Braud, bass; Billy Stange, guitar; Jesse Sailes, Earl Palmer, drums; Andrews Sisters of Berkeley, California; Rocco Wilson, conga drum. Capitol Stereo ST 1758, $5.98.	In recent years Miss Dane has earned a well-deserved reputation as one of the finest of all blues singers currently active. In addition to this she has been an instrumental organizing force, on the West Coast, in the area of folk-blues. Unfortunately, for varied reasons, she does not come off too well as a result of these recordings. In the past she has been heard to greater advantage, possibly because of a more suitable choice of material and a less "modern" sound to her accompaniment. Also missing is her own guitar playing, which has always enhanced her singing. Outstanding, in spite of the aforementioned, is the unique interpretation of the "classic" blues "Goodby Daddy Goodby."
Odetta: "Odetta and the Blues." Odetta, vocals. Buck Clayton, trumpet; Vic Dickenson, trombone; Herb Hall, clarinet; Dick Wellstood, piano; Ahmed Abdul Malik, bass; "Shep" Shepherd, drums. Arrangements by Wellstood. Riverside RLP 9417, Stereo $5.98; 417, mono. $4.98.	Odetta, who to date has been identified primarily as a performer of folk material, is presented here in her first all-blues program accompanied by an unusually fine small band. Despite the absence of her own rocking guitar playing, her performances are creditable (although some faults are readily evident). One basic shortcoming to be found throughout is the static emotional level which, for the most part, is never varied irrespective of the song being treated. The record is "stolen" by the taste and imagination displayed by the accompanying musicians who exhibit a far greater range of knowledge and kinship with the "classic" blues.
Bill Monroe and His Bluegrass Boys: "The Father of Bluegrass Music." Bill Monroe, lead vocal and mandolin; unidentified vocals, banjo, guitar, violin, and bass. RCA Camden CAL 719, $1.98.	Singularly identified as the promoting force in bluegrass music, Monroe is featured here with his group in some of their earliest and finest recordings. All of the sides were made in the peiod 1940-41 and are excellent representations of the country string band. Monroe is showcased as a superb instrumentalist ("Honky Tonk Swing" and "Tennessee Blues") who has set the style for this instrument as used in country bands, and as a fine country-style lead vocalist ("Mule Skinner Blues"). Bill Monroe and his groups have set the formula for all such groups which have come after them, and these recordings present the best of what might be termed "original and authentic bluegrass music."
Ramblin' Jack Elliott: "Sings Woody Guthrie and Jimmie Rodgers." Elliott, vocals and guitar. Monitor Stereo MFS 380, $4.98.	Basically a Woody Guthrie-inspired imitator, Elliott is certainly at home in the vast expans of "Guthrie lore." Without a doubt the best of all of Woody's disciples, he also exhibits . solid bluegrass guitar style which compliments his vocals. As with the Woody Guthrie numbers, the Jimmie Rodgers stylings are also directly imitative. Although these performances cannot be termed original interpretations, it is still rather reassuring to observe a younger artist devoting himself, and an entire record, to the work of two of the greats of American folk-music.

—LAWRENCE COHN.

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John Estes

Continued from page 57

these, along with singers who were popular in the Thirties and Forties, like Lightning Hopkins, Big Joe Williams, Brownie McGhee, Sonny Terry, Muddy Waters, and John Lee Hooker, have become part of an intellectual discovery of the blues that in the last two or three years has reached beyond its intellectual audience to a new and clamorous younger audience. The rediscovery of Sleepy John Estes, one of the greatest of the early singers, is both exciting and dismaying. It is exciting that his voice once more is part of the blues world, and it is dismaying that his life, since his last recordings for Victor in 1940, should have been so difficult for him.

There isn't any county health service to help him with his eyes, but the state of Tennessee sends him a monthly check for himself and the children that could keep them very adequately. Philip Meux, who has for many years tried to help John, says that part of his trouble is his blindness. "People cheats him, you know, when he goes and buys things. If he gets some butter they makes him pay four times what it says on the counter; then they don't give him his right change." But John is too proud to let anyone help him, and he tumbles through the Brownsville streets with his son, trying to live as he did before he lost his sight. Bob Koester, a young blues enthusiast from Chicago who owns the Delmar Record Company, went down to Brownsville in May to get John for a series of concerts and a recording session in the Chicago area. Phil Meux remembers that Koester took John into a clothing store and outfitted him, even getting him some "slack britches," but in his ruined cabin John still wears his ragged farm clothes. As Meux stood beside John's cabin he kept shaking his head. "If any more money comes to John for his singing I'm going to try to help him do something about his house."

A rooster crows, sparrows chirp from the weeds beside the house, a bee drones about a drooping hollyhock near the worn steps. His children sit watching him, their faces expressionless, Phil Meux fans himself with a folded newspaper. John's voice cries out in the shadows of the porch, his face turned toward the sunlight as he sings:

Now my mother and my father
both dead and gone.
Now my mother and my father
both dead and gone.
My mother and my father, they
both dead and gone.
They left me 'round here, still
stumbling along.

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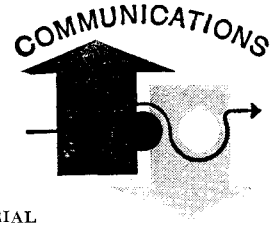
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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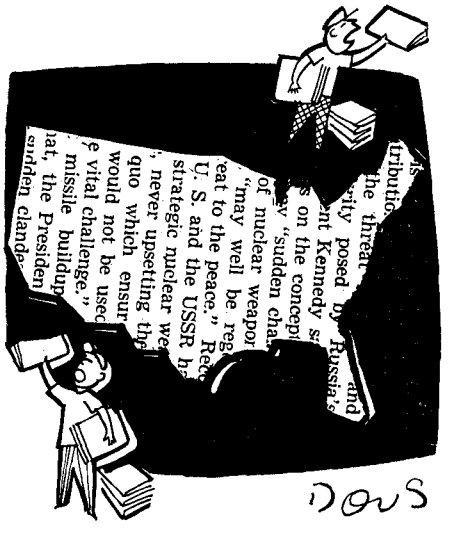

Is a National Newspaper Possible?

THE kettle of New York journalism has been boiling over the last few weeks. John Denson left the *Herald Tribune* quite suddenly after a year and a half of fruitful, imaginative news handling and makeup innovation. Murray Kempton departed the New York *Post* for a top editorship on the *New Republic*. Wes Gallagher became the new general manager at the Associated Press. Walter B. Kerr took over as general manager of the European edition of the *New York Times*. Walter Lippmann left the Herald Tribune Syndicate and Joseph Alsop was rumored about to follow him to Washington *Post* distribution. Strike threats loomed dangerously at every turn. There was talk of mergers and suspensions in every shop in town. But the most significant story of all was publication in Los Angeles of the first Western edition of the *New York Times*.

In case you haven't seen one, this Western edition closely resembles its marvelous New York parent on page one, except that the word "sunny" appears a great many more times in the Western weather ear than in Manhattan. Page size, type, and makeup are identical, with "Western Edition" above the masthead. But once the reader begins to turn to inside pages he is immediately aware that this is not the *Times* he's been used to—not by a long shot. The wonderfully complete original coverage is missing; the edition is so thin that the early issues averaged 20 pages, compared with 64 to 96 the same days on Forty-third Street. Indeed, initial Western reception to the daring and imaginative Pacific Coast venture was, to say the least, downright cool. Even discounting regional jealousy and early experimentation, the *Times* on the Pacific Coast just isn't the *New York Times* or even a near relative. Since some of the best of its news content appears in both editions, what's missing so far?

Well, to get right down to it, what is missing is bulk, and much of this bulk appeal comes in the mother product from heavy retail and national advertising. The oldest cliché in the newspaper business is that many people buy a newspaper just for the ads, and if ever a cliché came to life it comes to life when you compare the New York edition with either the Western edition or, for that matter, the European edition of the good gray *Times*. Competing as it does, especially in Los Angeles, with a fat local press which has, of course, the distinct advantage of being able to splash big local news stories and advertising as well as world headlines, the *Times* is immediately at a disadvantage. It is an interloper and, up to now, a pretty pallid one. Herb Caen, San Francisco's perceptive columnist, can kid the Western *Times* mercilessly simply by quoting such insipid headlines as "Newfoundland Area Seeks to Recruit More Nurses," "Farm Machinery Rise Reported in Sweden," and "Aquarium Hobby Sparks a Fish Boom in Malaya." Herb Caen's incisive judgments would appear to be justified by a first-hand review of the early issues (which sold for dime, twice the price of the mother product in New York).

Is it possible for *any* local newspaper to go national? The foremost success story in the field is the *Wall Street Journal*, which now publishes four simultaneous editions from coast to coast and has a circulation

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exceeding 800,000 daily. Yet the *Wall Street Journal*'s Sunday cousin, the *National Observer*, is said to be foundering and may yet have to be withdrawn as a noble but losing experiment. Why? What happened to spark one product of an astute publisher and condemn another? What is the difference between success and failure in a national newspaper? Why should the daily *Wall Street Journal* be such an astonishing success, while its Sunday edition and the Western edition of the *New York Times* face such a rocky road?

The answer lies in three directions. First, there is the matter of the kind of coverage each paper attempts. The statistical, tabular, and financial-commercial information published simultaneously throughout the land in the daily *Wall Street Journal* cannot, for the most part, be obtained anywhere else in anything like the bulk, quantity, depth, or accuracy of this perfectly amazing journalistic product. Second, as suggested before, newspaper advertising attracts a great many readers, possibly more than we editorial partisans care to admit. And third, while it has been said many times that all advertising is local, it is equally true that almost all general news is local. By this we mean that every story is seen primarily from the geographic viewpoint of the local reader and that the more it affects him personally, the greater the impact. Only when the news a paper carries is so specialized that it cannot possibly be obtained in the local press does a so-called national newspaper stand a chance. Even as greatly successful a general paper as the *Christian Science Monitor* is no exception to the rule, for the *Monitor* does specialize, does carry information obtainable nowhere else, and is at least in part loyally sectarian in its built-in readership.

We sincerely hope the *Times* figures a way out of its initial problems on the Pacific Coast, for no newspaper in the country deserves it more. You can joke about the weight of the *Times*'s Sunday edition, poke fun at its often labored style, become openly jealous of its voluminous advertising, but you have to take your hat off to the greatest and most powerful newspaper in the world today. If any paper can become national, then surely the *Times* is that paper, though the early effort may be less than we hoped for. —R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

THE GUILD "MISSED THE POINT"

In your last communications section a spokesman for the New York Newspaper Guild took exception to your editorial "Just How Free Is the Press?" [*SR*, Sept. 8]. To me this comment missed your point, namely that the press is hardly free if a union can shut down a newspaper because it doesn't like what it says.

Your critic also accuses you of a misstatement in saying there was no daily newspaper in Minneapolis during the strike. The *Daily Herald* was not a newspaper in the accepted sense, but only a ghost of one that could exist only in a journalistic vacuum. No wonder it folded after the regular papers resumed publication.

It is nice to have assurance that the Guild would never shut down a paper because of disagreement with its view. But surely there is risk that if some other union did just that, the Guild would help suppress the paper by respecting picket lines. This whole business is dangerous. There are enough hazards to free expression now.

To me the newspaper is a public necessity. I can see no justification for closing one through a strike for any reason, least of all a strike like the one that threatened the *Cleveland Press* because of a Teamster objection to what an advertisement said. All of us who work on newspapers should not carp at your editorial but rather uphold the point it made.

Herbert Brucker,
Editor,
Hartford *Courant*.

Hartford, Conn.

TRUMPETS, MUTED AND OTHERWISE

All of us are mighty happy here at Chicago's *American*. I want to thank *SR* for its mention and praise of our Fink exposé in your column. Also, we're delighted to have fared well in the article on Chicago's newspapers. I'm told the *Saturday Reviews* are really selling out here in Chicago, and I've had many telephone calls and letters mentioning the good things that have happened to the *American* in your magazine. We're grateful.

Lloyd Wendt,
Editor,
Chicago's *American*.

Chicago, Ill.

I would not wish to engage in a dispute with Murray Gart on the accuracy of his observation or the soundness of his judgment regarding "Journalism on the Lake." But in his article "Chicago's Muted Trumpets" [*SR*, Oct .13] he states of the Chicago *Daily News*: "Its bent for investigative reporting remains, though often of late it has been shunted into unproductive channels."

I would be interested in hearing how Mr. Gart reconciles his references to "often of late" and "unproductive channels" with these investigative accomplishments of the Chicago *Daily News* just within the last ten months:

Brought about indictment of seven Stickney Township officials on a charge of plotting and participating in a $250,000 "kickback" graft scheme.

Brought about indictment of five members of a Stickney township high school board charged with getting phony bids for a school building addition so they could award the job to a favored contractor at a jacked-up cost.

Revealed the "inside story" of the overcrowding at Cook County hospital and the inadequacy of hospital services to minority groups, particularly Negroes. This was accomplished by a reporter posing first as a patient, then as a medical student, and then as an intern. This situation awaits post-election action of officials.

Brought about an official review of procedures in Cook County Family Court after a series of articles disclosed the "kangaroo" handling of juvenile offenders. The *Daily News* articles prompted the Cook County Board to provide funds for a survey of the court by the National Council on Crime and Delinquency, which is to make recommendations to restore this court to its one-time reputation as the finest juvenile court in the nation as well as the first. This survey has just recently reached its halfway point.

Brought about abolition of a nonessential Veterans Assistance Commission which employed twenty-seven payrollers who merely duplicated work of the County Welfare Department. Getting rid of this bureau will save taxpayers more than $67,000 annually.

Brought about the arrest by the FBI of a group of Signal Corps procurement employees involved in the soliciting and receiving of bribes to provide inside information on contracts and "steer" contracts to suppliers. These charges are pending while further investigation proceeds.

Disclosed plans of the City of Chicago to award an exclusive contract for air travelers' insurance at a higher premium than that proposed by a competitive firm bidding for flight insurance privileges at O'Hare International Airport. As a result, the exclusive arrangement was cancelled, and the second firm was permitted to do business at the airport at a 25 per cent lower premium rate.

Exposed abrogation of civil rights in handling of defendants in Cook County

(*Continued on page* 72)

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THE BENT AND BLUNTED FREE LANCE

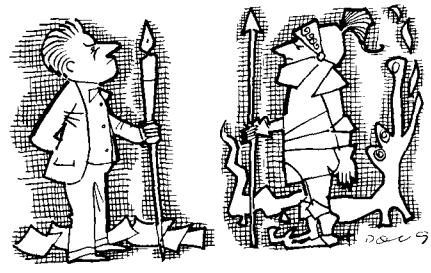
By HARTZELL SPENCE, *of Essex, Connecticut, who has been a free-lance writer for twenty-two years and has published twelve books and 153 magazine articles.*

IN THE chivalry of the thirteenth century, an important figure was the free lance, an independent knight who sold his fighting skill to the highest bidder and, so legend says, tilted his bold weapon in defense of the helpless against all sorts of dragons and outrages. So far in the twentieth century an important adjunct to communication has been the free-lance writer who has made a living, and a considerable social impact, with his pen. Independent, often cantankerous, occasionally venal, the free-lance writer has sparked many a social and political crusade. He has destroyed frauds with humor or poetry, and exposed to publicity all manner of scoundrels and sordid conditions, at the same time eulogizing unknown heroes and ideas in our society.

The introduction of artillery at the battle of Crécy in 1346 A.D. blew the free-lance knight into oblivion; he could no longer compete against an impersonal weapon that destroyed him at long range. Another long-range impersonal weapon—mass production of the written and spoken word—today is fast eliminating the free-lance writer.

A free lance is a man (or woman) who, on nobody's payroll and with little or no income from other sources, earns his living exclusively with his pen. He generates his own ideas, creates a marketable product, and then sells it. I have no idea how many free lances there are. My guess would be that fewer than 200 remain who, over a decade or more, have earned from $15,000 a year up. The total number is obscured by many pseudo writers who, to dignify their inadequacy, call themselves free lances but who are actually supported by inherited income, a rich wife, or the savings from a single property which made a fortune. To these add the host of moonlighters who, supporting themselves by some job or profession, augment their stipend from writing. These avocationists feed the grist of the specialty, religious, and "quality" magazines which pay from $15 to $250 for an article or story, and they write paperback books. Only rarely do they sell to the quality markets.

A generation ago there were at least 2,000 highly successful professional free lances. When I entered the profession in 1940, after ten years of apprenticeship in journalism, Standard Rate and Data's yearbook listed 529 general magazines open to free-lance contributions. Of these, sixty-nine were weekly publications with voracious appetites. Most of them printed fiction as well as articles, and some paid as high as $35,000 for a seven-part adventure serial which could almost certainly, if



published, be sold to motion pictures. But what is the situation today? In Standard Rate and Data's 1962 yearbook, I find only 104 general markets that pay a respectable price. Only three are weeklies, one is a bi-monthly, and the others are monthlies. In twenty years, the free-lance magazine market has shrunk 80 per cent.

Gone forever are such former free-lance customers as *American Boy, American Magazine, Collier's, Liberty, Saint Nicholas, Woman's Home Companion*, and *Coronet*, to mention only those the passing of which constricted my own market. But the situation is even more dire than the statistics imply. The trend of the big general magazines today, in an unprecedented orgy of cost cutting, is toward the coordinated, exclusively staff-written issue. *Life, Look*, and *This Week* all follow this trend. *Saturday Evening Post*, for a generation the free lance's No. 1 prestige market, now lists nine staff assignment writers; the adventure serial is gone from the *Post*, along with most other fiction.

That leaves *Reader's Digest* (a very difficult market to sell), *National Geographic* (also difficult), the *New Yorker, Holiday, Cosmopolitan*, and the big women's monthly magazines, as the only markets left which pay first-class rates and which are still wide open to the free-lance profession. There is a second echelon slightly less remunerative, consisting of *American Weekly, American Legion Magazine, Parade, Redbook*, the *Elks Magazine, Better Homes & Gardens, Playboy, True*, and *Sports Illustrated*. Naturally, every free lance continually shoots for the top money, and the competition at the rapidly shrinking summit grows more fierce by the day. Further, the free lance's take-home pay has shrunk sharply, due to trebled research expenses, higher income taxes, and self-employed social security payments.

Television should provide a new free-lance outlet, but it does not. In television's early days, free lances sold many plays and ideas to this medium, and also produced some original TV scripts with distinguished success. But now television writing is by and large a payroll job, highly pressured and urgent. Many free lances have turned to television script production as a full-time salaried career, and thus are lost to my profession. The free lance may chisel a few corners off the TV market by selling his fiction characters, such as Perry Mason, for a series, or an occasional one-shot thriller for adaptation, but this is rare. There is no nonfiction market in television; the documentaries are staff-produced. Motion picture sales also are a negligible market these days, too; only super colossals are being produced, from super colossal books or plays, or from the Bible, or some other creative work on which no royalty need be paid since the copyright has long since expired.

The book market, alas, has also suffered tremendous change. Gone is the day when a genial publisher, with an eye to the future, published an unknown's first novel just because he liked it. Recent public issues of stock in book publishing houses have turned most publishers into moneymen. They are now responsible to bankers and insurance company directors for consistent dividends. Publishers no longer ask their editors, "Is the manuscript good?" Instead, they ask, "Will it make a book club, rate a magazine preview, sell to stage or movies, go big in paperback later, and how many foreign translations can you expect?" The important

(*Continued on page 74*)

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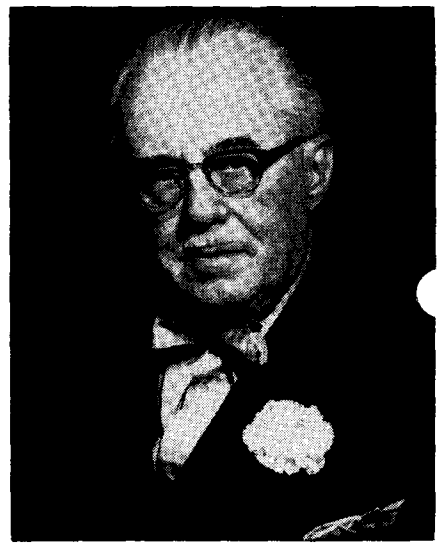
THE HOWARDS OF NEWSPAPER STREET

Jack Howard: ". . . at the controls of the chain."



Roy Howard: ". . . never wasted time at anything."

By JOHN TEBBEL

CHAIN journalism in the United States, a phenomenon of this century, has never been the faceless octopus characteristic of other multifaceted industries. It has been the creation of a few strong-minded, colorful individuals who exerted absolute control over their properties for a long period of time, and never left anyone, from the White House to City Hall, in doubt about who was minding the store.

A list of outstanding chain newspaper entrepreneurs would have to begin with William Randolph Hearst, who was not the first but indisputably the largest and most absolute. The late Frank Gannett, whose dalliance with the radical right sometimes overshadowed his newspapering, would rank near the top. The late cousins, Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick and Captain Joseph Patterson, would have to be considered too, even though their Chicago-New York-Washington axis was never a chain in the strict sense and, minus Washington, is even less so today. Then would come more modest empire builders like John S. Knight, John H. Perry, and Samuel I. Newhouse, a deliberately obscure man who may wind up surpassing all the others.

But the men who have made the deepest and most lasting impression on chain journalism in America are E. W. Scripps, who died in 1926, and Roy W. Howard, who at nearly eighty is still almost as active as a young reporter, although the direction of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers is in the hand of his son, Jack R., while financial control has passed to the grandsons of E. W. Scripps. This double inheritance has given a remarkable continuity to the chain, which began in 1889 as the Scripps-McRae League and thus ranks as oldest of them all.

In the flamboyant nineteenth-century days of journalism, when great newspapers were made and empires begun, few publishers displayed more egocentric genius than E. W. Scripps, who fondly dubbed himself a "Damned Old Crank" in the title of his self-portrait. Like so many others of the breed, he was an ardent reformer who once declared: "I have only one principle and that is represented by an effort to make it harder for the rich to grow richer and easier for the poor to keep from growing poorer."

An Illinois boy who made his fortune in Ohio, Edward Wyllis Scripps came of a newspapering family. His grandfather had been a London publisher; a cousin had edited the Chicago *Tribune;* his older brother James founded the Detroit *News* in 1873; his half-sister Ellen and another brother, George, worked on the *News.* From Ellen and his brothers, Ed Scripps borrowed $10,000 in 1878, went to Cleveland and started a paper called the *Penny Press.* Out of that audacious venture the Scripps-Howard chain was born.

To the building of his empire Scripps brought overflowing energy, uncompromising courage, and an unfaltering vision. He was also a tortured man, misanthropic and subject to raw nerves, who eventually withdrew to his Spanish-style ranch house, Miramar, sixteen miles from San Diego, from which he managed his enterprises at long range, as Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett, Jr., were doing. Scripps was better at it than his eccentric contemporaries. He set up his increasing string of papers on individual shoestrings, gave them a nominal autonomy, but did his best to shape the young editors he hired in his own ideological image.

He dissolved his partnership in the Scripps-McRae League in 1907, and combined its news-distributing facilities with two other agencies to form United Press. The chain itself continued to grow, surviving a series of family storms, until the "old crank" himself withdrew completely from management in 1920, turning editorial direction over to his third son, Robert P. Scripps, and entrusting the business affairs of the papers to young Roy Wilson Howard, who had done his apprenticing on the Indianapolis papers, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and the Cincinnati *Post,* and in various other segments of the chain before becoming general manager and president of U.P.

Of his new executive, E. W. had made a shrewd estimate: "Howard's self-respect and self-confidence, right from the start, were so great as to make it impossible for them to increase.

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Doubtless to himself his present situation in life, his successes and his prosperity, all seem perfectly natural, and no more and no less than he expected, he ever wasted his time in forecasting. Of which I have very much doubt."

Roy Howard, in fact, never wasted time at anything. He was utterly devoted to the business of making newspapers, and particularly to the flow of news, to which he was addicted with the passion which characterizes first-class newspapermen. His career with the organization Scripps had built ascended like a rocket after his 1920 appointment. A year later he was chairman of the board of the associated Scripps enterprises; two years later the Scripps-McRae name became Scripps-Howard. Reversing usual business procedure, he moved from chairman of the board to the presidency in 1936, and held that post until 1952, when he finally relinquished it to his son.

Observing his able and affable son Jack at the controls of the chain, in its familiar twenty-second-floor offices at 230 Park Avenue—the building that splits the traffic at 46th Street and looks northward up the Avenue—gives rise to the feeling that the Scripps-Howard papers have been there forever. This sensation is enhanced by the physical resemblance between father and son, which extends even to voice and gestures. Jack dresses casually, with a certain flair which makes no attempt to match the sartorial grandeur of Roy, whose matched shirts and ties in bold designs became his trademark.

As an executive, Roy liked to think of himself as a reporter and often appeared in the news columns as the interviewer of this or that world figure. Jack is not inclined to these flights of newsgathering, but his compelling interest is the news. Like his father, he came up through the editorial side, after he left Yale in 1932. He is president today, but his other title, general editorial manager, more accurately describes his real interests. His father is still chairman of the executive committee.

The empire Jack Howard rules today consists of eighteen newspapers in seventeen cities—one more if the Cincinnati *Enquirer* is included. The organization has a controlling interest in this daily, but it is not called a Scripps-Howard newspaper, and does not carry the chain's familiar lighthouse symbol with its slogan, "Give light and the people will find their own way."

Scripps-Howard light is disseminated these days from both primary and secondary sources. Flagship of the chain is the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*, in which the venerable and revered *Sun*, acquired in 1950, has completely lost its identity. Another strong link is the tabloid Washington *Daily News*, which recently has shown a dramatic rise in circulation and advertising. In Cleveland, the *Press and News* (the competing *News* was purchased in 1960) prospers under the direction of another Scripps-Howard fireball, Louis Seltzer, who rejoices in being called "Mr. Cleveland," and is regarded by some knowledgeable Ohioans as the most powerful behind-the-scenes figure in state politics. The Pittsburgh *Press* is also a strong and growing paper.

But then all the chain's papers are in a healthy condition, unusual for this kind of journalistic operation. There is the Cincinnati *Post & Times-Star* (the latter was acquired in 1958) and its Kentucky extension across the river, with the same name; the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*, the result of a 1959 merger between the afternoon *Citizen* and the morning *Ohio State Journal;* the *Rocky Mountain News*, in Denver; the Evansville (Indiana) *Press;* the Memphis *Press-Scimitar;* the Houston *Press;* the Birmingham *Post-Herald;* the Fort Worth *Press;* the Knoxville *News-Sentinel;* the Indianapolis *Times;* the El Paso *Herald-Post;* the Albuquerque *Tribune;* and the Memphis *Commercial Appeal.*

THE mergers are a key to policy. Jack Howard is not interested in having more newspapers than any other chain publisher; his long-range expansion plans visualize the strengthening of his papers in their own backyards, while at the same time remaining alert to potential properties with growth possibilities. Editorially they operate autonomously, as Scripps originally conceived of his chain, but policy on national and international affairs is determined, as it has been since the Twenties, by annual meetings of the editors with top management, the most recent of which was at French Lick, Indiana.

At these meetings the arguments aren't what they used to be. "All newspapers are more objective," Jack Howard remarked the other day. "Maybe in one sense we've cut our own throats." Presumably, however, no one longs for the good old days when Roy was involved in frequent painful and public partings with such Scripps-Howard columnists as Heywood Broun, Westbrook Pegler, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, and Thomas Stokes, as well as the Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist Rollin Kirby. The Scripps-Howard papers were once objectively Democratic (they even attacked President Hoover), but in the late Thirties they became objectively Republican.

In a way, the shifting command at Scripps-Howard reflects the change in the newspaper business itself, from the uproar of personal journalism to sober, conservative institutionalism. The "damned old crank" has been succeeded ultimately by a trustee troika consisting of Charles E. Scripps, second son of Robert P., as chairman; Robert P., Jr., and E. W. Scripps II. Their E. W. Scripps Trust owns approximately 80 per cent of the E. W. Scripps Company, which owns a majority voting stock in Scripps-Howard Enterprises and publishes the papers in Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati. The founder's trust provides that the trust estate will be distributed upon the death of the last grandchild who was living at the time it was set up. At last count there were fifteen great-grandchildren eligible for the distribution.

Similarly, Roy has been replaced by his son, who in turn has a son, Michael, at Yale, who has already worked summers for United Press International, at home and abroad, and nearly a year for the *Commercial Appeal* before he went to Yale. It looks as though the Howard family would be as durable as the Scripps succession, and if the papers stir up more hell locally than they do on the national and international scene, that may well be what is happening to newspapers generally. Whatever further changes occur, the Scripps-Howard dynasty seems good for at least another half-century.

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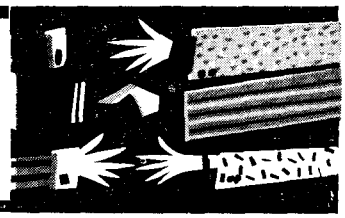
Public Relations



There Is No Magic Wand

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

THERE is a dangerous idea abroad, often promoted by public relations practitioners themselves, that, by some magic trick, public consent can be engineered so that—presto!—a corporation can suddenly achieve a favorable public reputation.

That this is utter nonsense is understood by sophisticated management and underlined by the best public relations directors of large corporations. A clear example of how effective public relations can be attained only by hard work, good conduct on the part of management, and frankness with those who question their operations is provided by the current effort to establish better communication between academicians in the social disciplines and large corporations.

Beginning with the premise that what the intellectual thinks today, the general public will think tomorrow, many corporations have established seminars, round tables, or conferences to which university professors are invited to discuss the functioning of the companies. Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), General Motors, International Harvester, Chrysler Corporation, General Electric, American Telephone and Telegraph, and Standard Oil Company of California are some that have tried to establish a better understanding between the academic community and corporate management. Though each program is different from the other in approach, all have the same general purpose.

One of the most successful is that of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Company. Its Educators Conference is probably the only conference designed to bring professors in the social disciplines close to the top men of the company in as free and frank a discussion as possible.

In 1949 the du Pont people found, after a careful study, that many people on university faculties, other than the men in the physical sciences, had a serious misunderstanding of the company. Du Pont's premise was that if the university professors in the areas of greatest misunderstanding could meet with top management to probe and argue, then both sides would benefit.

The guidelines for the first Educators Conference, held in 1950, are the same as they are today and show the kind of intelligence brought to bear on the project. Du Pont decided to invite no fewer than forty and no more than forty-four educators representing institutions of various sizes from all sections of the country; all were to be from the social sciences. The purpose was to have the groups small enough for free discussion and large enough to make it worthwhile for top management to give it a great deal of time.

THE educators are not invited directly. Instead, the invitations are sent to the presidents of the universities or colleges, who select those who will attend the conferences. All the top management group of the company participates, including all nine members of the executive committee of the company and all twenty-four department heads. The thought behind this is simple: the real McCoy, not just a few washed and scrubbed smoothies.

Another guideline is that there is no ducking of questions, except those, naturally, where an answer would reveal competitive products or process secrets. Under no circumstances is there an attempt at a "snow job" or "selling" of the company. The goal is simply an exposure of the facts. The educators make their own judgments.

Expenses of those attending the conference are paid by the company, but no fees or stipends are given, to avoid the suggestion that those attending should feel under any obligation to du Pont. Now, after thirteen conferences in as many years, at an annual out-of-pocket cost of some $25,000 by the company, those who have attended and the du Pont people are pretty well satisfied that the meetings have been of value.

Ten institutions are invited every year, forty-four institutions every other year (that is, twenty-two a year), and eight institutions every three or four years. So far a total of 550 educators from 139 institutions of higher educations have attended, including some from France and Great Britain.

The 1962 Educators Conference gives a clear picture of the kind of colleges and universities represented. Professors came from the University of Alaska, Athens College, Bucknell University, California Institute of Technology, University of California (Berkeley), University of Colorado, Columbia University, Cornell University, Dartmouth College, University of Delaware, De Paul University, University of Detroit, Duke University, University of Florida, Fordham University, George Washington University, Gettysburg College, Grinnell College, Harvard University, and University of Illinois.

In addition there were professors from Lehigh University, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, University of Miami, University of Minnesota, University of Missouri, University of New Mexico, University of Notre Dame, Oberlin College, Ohio State University, University of Oregon, University of Pennsylvania, Purdue University, Rutgers University, Agriculture and Mechanical College of Texas, University of Texas, Washington University, Wesleyan University (Connecticut), West Virginia University, Whitman College, Williams College, University of Wisconsin, and Yale University.

NO one, least of all the du Pont people, believes the Educators Conferences have wrought a change in the thinking of the nation as a whole. But the conferences have made management and the educators involved more understanding of each other's views. Most certainly it is useful for the academic people to hear management explain what is done and why. It is just as useful to management to have to go through this process.

If there is any idea that good public relations are the result of gimmicks or tricks, or waves of the wand, what is being done at du Pont ought to dissipate it. Good public relations for a firm can only come from good performance, intelligently explained with frankness and honesty. It is slow work and no one knows it better than the serious practitioner in the field of public relations.

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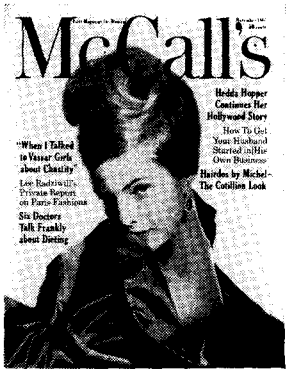
A new study* by Politz measures the female audiences of McCall's, Look, and Life as they are now:

Magazines	Female Audiences
McCALL'S	15,732,000
LOOK	15,136,000
LIFE	14,962,000

*Based on a national area probability sample of 4,135 females aged 15 and over, conducted by Alfred Politz Research, Inc., May–June 1962


McCall's
Hedda Hopper Continues Her Hollywood Story
How To Get Your Husband Started in His Own Business
Hairdos by Michel—The Cotillion Look
"When I Talked to Vassar Girls about Chastity"
Lee Radziwill's Private Report on Paris Fashions
Six Doctors Talk Frankly about Dieting

first with women because McCall's puts women first

It is no longer necessary to base 1963 media plans on audiences measured in 1961. The efficiency of reaching women through McCall's is not only a matter of reaching more women than ever before, it is also a matter of reaching them in a more persuasive editorial environment, and at a significantly lower cost-per-thousand.

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Madison Avenue

The Sycophant Poets

By PETER BART

THE WRITING of advertising copy represents a demanding and, to some, a demeaning discipline. The noted semanticist S. I. Hayakawa once called advertising copy "venal poetry" and observed: "None of the corrupt and vain emperors of history exacted of the sycophant poets in their retinues anything like the discipline imposed upon the poets of Procter & Gamble and Ford Motor Company."

There are, indeed, certain superficial similarities between poets and copy writers. Both are deeply concerned with the subtle rhythms and emotional connotations of words. Both, too, seek to arouse readers at the subconscious and conscious levels.

But here the similarities end. For the basic mission of the copy writer is not art but sales. If he arouses his reader it will be to no avail unless a reasonable proportion of them are stirred to go out and buy the product.

Of late, some well-known copy writers have been expressing displeasure over the state of their curious discipline.

George Gribbin, president of Young & Rubicam and himself a prominent copy writer, has complained that the current crop of print ads display a disconcerting absence of craftsmanship.

Rosser Reeves, chairman of Ted Bates & Co., believes a majority of ads today reflect a fuzzy and vague approach that deprives them of focus and relevance.

Even the casual newspaper or magazine reader or television viewer would have no trouble citing many instances of clumsy exaggeration, impoverished language, and preposterous claims.

An automobile company takes three consecutive magazine pages to display its new models, but can muster no better headline than "beautiful . . . but beautiful . . . but beautiful." Cigarette commercials reiterate such semantic contortions as "gentles the smoke" or "air-softens every puff." And nearly every advertiser seems to have a penchant for such lofty generalizations as "every boy wants a Remco toy."

When asked to explain this sort of output, the top ad men will offer a variety of causes, real and imagined. But in the end they come back to one fact; namely, that the supply of really talented copy writers is remarkably shallow.

As one agency president puts it: "It's difficult to attract your top craftsmen into this form of writing. We can offer good money, but to a person with a literary bent copy writing offers only limited satisfactions and abundant frustrations."

One frustration stems from the fact that literary style and "good writing" (in the conventional definition) are not always warmly welcomed in the advertising business. The great old-time copy writer, Claude Hopkins, once said bluntly that "fine writing is a distinct disadvantage to the copy writer, since it detracts from the product."

ANOTHER skilled writer, David Ogilvy (who created the Rolls Royce, Schweppes, and Hathaway shirt campaigns), puts it this way: "The copy writer cannot afford to turn up his nose at clichés. Our bread and butter comes from such tired words as 'new . . . amazing . . . improved . . . easy.' They may be shopworn but they work."

Mr. Ogilvy recalls that he once used the word "obsolete" in an ad only to find that 43 per cent of the women in the United States had no idea what it meant.

The skilled copy writer must therefore confine himself to elementary language and childlike images—a discipline that does not always come easily to a literary craftsman. In addition, he must resign himself to the knowledge that he is basically a manipulator of minutiae. His assignment is to settle upon some minuscule distinction between virtually identical brands, and to make this distinction seem urgent and meaningful to the consumer. He must develop what Mr. Reeves calls a U.S.P.—a unique selling proposition.

In so doing many a copy writer is haunted by the overpowering suspicion that he is being totally ignored. The average magazine reader, he knows, takes notice, at best, of only an average of four of the ads in a mass magazine. And the average TV viewer has a disconcerting habit of wandering away to get a beer whenever the commercials come on.

The successful copy writer, therefore, must develop the door-to-door salesman's willingness to be intrusive and, if necessary, obnoxious. Ad men are fond of pointing to the study by Horace Schwerin, an influential research specialist, which reported that there was no relationship between people liking a commercial and being sold by it. Fortified by this information, many copy writers rationalize some awesome intrusions upon the sensibilities of the hapless TV viewer.

Viewed darkly, therefore, the writer of advertisements is in a sense a practitioner of institutionalized philistinism, awkwardly marshaling his limited array of sounds and symbols in the desperate hope of moving his clients' products off the shelves.

The copy writer's role, to be sure, can also be looked upon more charitably. The dedicated copy writer goes about his task in much the same way as does a skilled reporter. He carefully investigates his product, masters its strong points and seeks to present these in a clear and honest manner.

A prize example of this approach is the Volkswagen campaign devised by Doyle Dane Bernbach. In ad after ad, the agency has cleverly and dramatically paraded the car's selling points. To dramatize the concept of the small, durable car, the agency used the famous headline "Think small."

To underscore the fact that Volkswagens undergo but little external change from year to year, the agency pictured a long line of virtually identical cars and headlined its striking ad: "The Volkswagen theory of evolution."

THE man responsible for many of these ads, William Bernbach, president of Doyle Dane Bernbach, has an interesting theory about copy writing. The principal things that a successful ad must accomplish are to be noticed and to be remembered, he reasons. Traditionally, the blunt, hammering tools of hard sell advertising were thought to achieve these ends. Repetition, not brightness or originality, was thought to be the key.

Now that the advertising business has taken on such vast proportions (a billion dollars is spent each month on advertising) and the consumer is exposed to such a relentless drum-beat of commercial messages, these blunt-edged tools may be losing their effectiveness, Mr. Bernbach theorizes. Henceforth, he believes, it may be increasingly necessary to be bright and provocative in order to be noticed or remembered.

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Job Opportunities for Journalism Graduates

COLLEGE FRESHMEN in increasing number are preparing for journalism careers, according to a survey by the Newspaper Fund. Department chairmen and journalism schools at seventy-two colleges and universities that enrolled 3,088 freshmen journalism students in the fall of 1961 participated in the survey.★ Forty of these administrators said their freshmen enrollments this fall are greater than a year ago, twenty-four said enrollments are about the same, and eight reported declines.★ Exact figures are not always available and methods of identifying the freshman's career choice vary from school to school, Paul Swensson, executive director of the Newspaper Fund, said. But where comparable enrollments could be totaled, the survey found:★

1. Fourteen schools which reported 343 freshman journalism students in the fall of 1961 show a gain of eighty-six this September. This is a 25 per cent increase.★ Ten schools with 470 journalism freshmen in the fall of 1961 report gains from 3 per cent to 50 per cent. The percentages translate into an increase of forty-eight students, or an average percentage gain of 10 per cent.

—From the Newspaper Fund, 44 Broad Street, New York 4, New York

The following figures were gathered in visits to schools of journalism by the Director of the Newspaper Fund during the summer of 1962. The information was provided informally by the representatives of the schools. In many instances the figures represent best available estimates rather than exact statistics.

COLLEGE	*Journalism Graduates—1962*	*Percentage Male Graduates*	*Jobs Available Per Graduate*	*Low, High Starting Pay (Week) $*	*Average Beginning Pay (Week) $*
Boston U.	34 BA 5 MA	60	2–1	70–110	80
California State Poly. Col.	8 BA	62.5	3–1	75–150	100
California, U. of (Berkeley)	27 BA 6 MJ	52	3–1	80–165	95 M, 85 W
Colorado, U. of	19	65	10–1	90–110	95
Columbia U.	77 MS	77	3–1	75–160	109
Duquesne U.	23	81	3–1	70–90	82
Fresno State Col.	10 BA	80	6–1	75–110	85
Georgia, U. of	69	58	4–1	75–125 Men 65–85 Women	90 M 75 W
Houston, U. of	4	75	5–1	65–105	90
Indiana U.	16	56	3–1	75–90	85
Iowa, State U. of	28 BA, 19 MA, 4 PhD	74.9	4–1	75–150	112
Kentucky, U. of	20 BA	70	10–1	80–110	90
Marquette U.	52	68		70–115	90 M, 75 W
Michigan State U.	66 BA 3 MA	70	3–1 6–1	85–110 Men 65–100 Women	90 M 82.50 W
Michigan, U. of	31 BA 3 MA 22 Interns	35 60 Interns	10–1	65–100 70–97.50 Interns	80
Minnesota, U. of	73	65	5–1	80–130	95
Missouri, U. of	135	80	4–1	65–140	95
Nebraska, U. of	20	35	15–1	75–125	90
North Carolina, U. of	32 AB	64	3–1	65–95	80
Northern Illinois U.	7 Majors 12 Specials	60	4–1	90–110	98
Northwestern U.	46 MSJ 67 BSJ	90 MSJ, 60 BSJ	10–1 MSJ	90–145 MSJ	110 MSJ
Notre Dame, U. of	42	100	3–1	70–100	85
Ohio State U.	39	49	10–1	85–125	105
Ohio U. (Athens)	64	55	4–1	85–140	95
Oklahoma, U. of	47	60	4–1	75–115	80
Oregon, U. of	29	65	1½–1	80–115	85
Pennsylvania State U.	59	55	5–1	65–100	87.50
Rhode Island, U. of	5	80	3–1	70–85	77.50
St. Bonaventure U.	8 BA	100	5–1	65–115	82.50
Southern California, U. of	18	66-2/3	2½–1	85–125	95
Southern Illinois U.	23	60	3–1	85–92.50	87
Stanford U.	16 BA	40	10–1	85–100 Men	85
Syracuse U.	47	48	5–1	65–125	85
Texas A & M Col.	19 BA	100	7–1	75–100	80
Texas Christian U.	24 BA	50	3–1	65–110	80
Texas, U. of	53	40	3–1	80–115	85
Utah, U. of	9	55	1½–1	60–137	91
Washington, U. of	52	60	5–1	82–105	92
West Virginia U.	23 BA		5–1	70–87.50	82.50
Wisconsin, U. of	46 BA 8 MA	72	4–1	79–125	90
Wyoming, U. of	8	75	3–1	75–100	85

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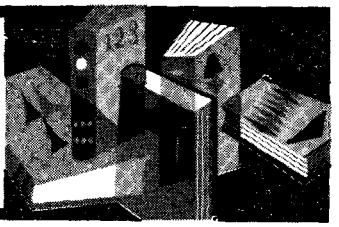
Books in Communications



Are Profits Enough?

By JAMES F. FIXX

OWHAT is so rare as a public service program in prime time? This is one of a tangled thicket of questions that Yale Roe addresses himself to in **"The Television Dilemma"** (Hastings House, $4.50), latest in the proliferating genealogy of books on what's wrong with the quality of television and what ought to be done about it. Roe, described on the dust jacket as a network sales executive in New York, offers an insider's analysis that won't, in truth, be much help to the lay viewer seeking a lever by which he can improve the general run of TV programs. But for those at the other end of the tube, "The Television Dilemma" will be a pointed and perhaps disquieting challenge.

The difficulty in improving television, Roe points out, is that it is not only a medium for entertainment, information, and education, but also a business whose goal is to make money for stockholders. Too few of the solutions that have thus far been proposed, he maintains, have taken into account television's role as business; those critics who would simply have the networks use prime time for public service programs are overlooking the inescapable economic facts.* At the same time, he argues, in an age when the destruction of civilization may be only minutes away, broadcasters have been something less than totally responsible to the times they live in: "On the brink of eternity the enormous responsibility of the profit-and-loss statement could look singularly insignificant. It is a time for the television industry to produce more than profits, to show greater responsibility and service as well." What is needed, according to Roe, is a compromise that will let the broadcaster look out for his stockholders while serving man's future as well.

As a start, Roe urges the adoption of a plan put forth by John L. Bricker, vice president of Foremost Dairies, who has proposed that an hour-long prime time program be televised simultaneously each week on all networks under the direction of a committee composed of the President of the United States, the presidents of the three major networks, the presidents of the companies that are the five major advertisers in the country, and "an enterprising and dedicated advertising agency president." The program, which would be designed to help promote "the rebirth of American pride, integrity, honesty, morality, and purpose," would be "presented with all the urgency, drama, and impact of an 'Untouchables.'" It would be sponsored, according to the plan, by companies that have already shown their willingness to support public service programs; and because the three major networks would carry the show simultaneously, financial loss would be relative rather than absolute. While the proposed show itself is somewhat vague, and the idea behind it excessively didactic and flag-waving for some tastes, it could at any rate be a significant move toward breaking the soap-and-cigarette stranglehold on prime time. Mr. Roe's book isn't likely to be a best-seller—for one thing, it is often windy, repetitive, and choked with self-conscious oratory—but it may well touch off some lively discussions in TV's executive suites.

*Among several proposals Roe discusses is one by *SR*'s Managing Editor, Richard L. Tobin, who in an editorial last November 11 suggested that the evening hours between six and eight o'clock be set aside for commercially sponsored public service programming by all stations. Roe calls it a "responsible suggestion" but argues that advertisers, faced with such a two-hour stretch, might desert TV for other media.

UNFIT TO PRINT: The kind of thing that keeps editors writhing in insomnia has been collected in painful abundance by Denys Parsons in **"Say It Isn't So"** (A. S. Barnes, $2.95), a compendium of those embarrassing oversights that no publication, however eagle-eyed its staff, can entirely escape. Samples:

►"Andrée Wallace, who plays the title character, is pert and provocative on one hand, young and foolish on the other, and wise beyond her years on still another."

►"To prevent tears when peeling onions, either bite on a slice of bread or work under a running tap and breathe through the mouth."

►"Basically there are few psychological differences between mule and female."

►"By the merest coincidence the two events coincided."

►"Motor vehicle safety belts must be installed rigidly enough to withstand a sudden thirst."

►" 'Moby Dick,' the great American classic by Herman Melville, will be seen again next week with veteran actor Victory Jory in the title role."

The book would seem to be just the thing for anyone interested in all the news that's unfit to print.

WORDS FOR THE WARY: To the journalist, "style" does not mean literary style, but the way he punctuates, capitalizes, spells, and abbreviates. Style in this special sense is often codified in so-called style books, which list the house rules of a particular publication. Certainly one of the most useful of these manuals is **"The New York Times Style Book for Writers and Editors"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.75), just issued in a revised edition under the direction of News Editor Lewis Jordan. From *a* (which most publications today use, rather than *an*, before such words as *historical*) to *zip gun* (no hyphen), the alphabetical entries thread their way through the maze of traps that await the unwary writer or editor. Although some of the advice is neither right nor wrong, but simply the style that happens to prevail on the *Times*, most of it can be used profitably by anyone who writes, edits, or just likes to fuss around with words. (How many people know, for example, that Deepfreeze is a trademark name? Or that a dock is not a pier or wharf, but the water between piers or wharves?) Interestingly, for its authority in spelling and usage, the *Times* sticks to the twenty-eight-year-old second edition of "Webster's New International Dictionary," rather than using last year's controversial third edition, which for the first time in the dictionary's 134-year history reports only that a given word is in use, not whether that use is regarded as good, bad, or outrageous.

WHEN WALTER THAYER fired John Denson as editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, the man whom Jock Whitney used to call "my genius" became the thirtieth top executive to leave the *Trib* since Whitney bought it from the Reids in the fall of 1958. No fewer than three presidents, five vice-presidents, two secretary-treasurers, two assistant general managers, half a dozen advertising managers, and a dozen top editors have departed, in one way or another, which must be the all-time, four-year record on a major American publication.

—R.L.T.

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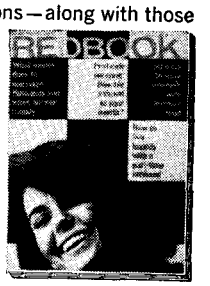

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Letters to the Communications Editor

Continued from page 62

Mental Health Court and "assembly line" methods—two minutes to a hearing—in committing persons to state mental institutions. As a result of the *Daily News* articles, the Illinois Society for Mental Health has named a commission of medical men, attorneys, social workers, and others to survey the Mental Health Court and recommend changes in procedures. Just this week one reform resulting from the *Daily News* stories was assignment of a public defender to Mental Health Court to inform patients of their legal rights and to represent them during court hearings.

I'm not seeking a semantic debate with Mr. Gart. But just what *do* the words "of late" and "unproductive" mean?

MAURICE FISCHER.
City Editor,
Chicago *Daily News.*

Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU'VE EVER wondered whether TV commercials are really louder than the rest of the program, you weren't imagining things. Recent tests on three Boston TV channels showed the H. H. Scott Company of Maynard, Massachusetts, that commercials on 65 per cent of the forty programs monitored were truly louder than the program portion, 20 per cent were recorded at the same level as the program, and only 15 per cent were actually softer than the program. Although no TV commercials were found to be as much as twice as loud as the program they accompanied, several were *almost* twice as loud (one of these commercials was for a pain-reliever). Scott makes a line of noise-measuring equipment, in addition to hi-fi components. —R.L.T.

FOR MY MONEY the title of Mr. Gart's piece might more appropriately have been "Chicago's Muted Kazoos." I've been in Lotusland for six years now and I miss many things about Chicago, especially in October. Some of the things I don't miss at all are the Chicago newspapers.

In the period 1950-56 I had the choice of reading the *Sun-Times* or no local newspaper. I read the *Sun-Times* and mostly I loathed it. Far from being the fine liberal crusading newspaper that one might imagine from Mr. Gart's piece, it was just the least Republican of the Chicago dailies. It was dull and, politics aside, it was not much of a newspaper by any criteria.

One of the things that comes to mind immediately is the inadequacy of the coverage of most stories. I don't know how much the tabloid format had to do with it, but the coverage in the *Trib* on a comparable story might be three or more times as complete. Field's "dignity" page also introduced me to a column by Roscoe Drummond, whom I took to be a member, ex officio, of the Eisenhower cabinet. He seemed to be as intellectually equipped to write a nationally syndicated column of political comment as Eisenhower was to be President of the United States.

What bothered me most of all, I guess, was that in the Democratic stronghold of Chicago, there wasn't one paper that would give the Democrats a fair shake. The *Sun-Times* was the least guilty, but it had its sins of omission and emphasis, I felt. And as for endorsements, a Democrat had to be exceptionally outstanding, or be opposed by a Neanderthal Republican, to get the *S-T* endorsement.

I know the Chicago *Tribune* quite we but it remains an enigma to me. DeVoto called the *Trib* one of the two great newspapers in the country. Maybe it is, to professional newspaper people and to those who occupy that very special world of the Colonel's. Its bias just threw me. As to the *Daily News,* I kept wishing Frank Knox hadn't sold it.

Perhaps the Chicago press is more responsible today, as Mr. Gart contends. Certainly money alone wouldn't have brought Bill Mauldin to the *S-T.* However, I wonder if the Chicago press is still trying to give the impression that Richard Daley is some political hack. And I wonder what type of play they're going to give Sid Yates's campaign and whether he'll get a solitary endorsement.

Most of all, I wonder about Murray Gart, who can write a report of the Chicago press for the past generation and not mention that fifty or so reporters were found to be on the payroll of the state under Governor Green, including reporters from most, if not all, of the Chicago papers.

JACK SOKOLOFF.

Sunnyvale, Calif.

MUTED? Yes and no! Chicago's newspapers are *not* muted on social issues. They trumpet hysterically against any measure to aid the aged, the low-income person, t unemployed, and the unfortunate poor an ill. Blessed with immense wealth, the publishers evidence little compassion for those in need.

On international issues they are likewise *not* muted. They pound the tom-toms in unison with those of the Russian press in the age-old manner of stirring up tribes to action, to the barbarism of the jungle. Concern with avoiding another world war that may wipe out humanity, and dedication to uniting the race of man are not their interests to any discernable degree.

Muted are most of all its *readers.* They allot but a trivial amount of space for letters, and of these, those that echo the editorial views have the best chances of getting into print. Ninety-nine per cent or more of readers' letters, however vital, are thrown into the oversized wastebaskets. Muted is the truth, the *whole* truth.

S. G. HERMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

LET MURRAY GART go soak his head! The Chicago *Daily News* is the best damn paper out here and always has been!

HENRY J. FRILIGER.

Winnetka, Ill.

MURRAY GART'S story is typical of his sloppy reporting. If I were Marshall Field or Don Maxwell I'd sue you for the worst job of reporting ever done by a responsible publication. As a public relations man I have personal knowledge that Gart's article contains little substance. I'm surprised that you could be taken in by

"I had just come to terms with fallout, and along comes Rachel Carson."

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this upstart who hasn't been in Chicago long enough to know the facts.

GEORGE P. MACKNIGHT.

Chicago, Ill.

I DON'T WANT to bandy opinions with Murray Gart, but it may be profitable to note a couple of factual considerations that reflect on his opinions. Reporters are taught that accuracy in little things is the best road to accuracy in big ones.

Mr. Gart has his journalistic folklore a little garbled when he says that the tone of Chicago newspaper competition is "suggested" by the murder of Jake Lingle of the *Tribune*. Either he's overlooked or never heard of Lingle's notorious underworld connections. Until his murderers are found and tell a different story, the universal conception will continue to be that Lingle was gunned because of his criminal activities, possibly because he tried to extort too much from a group of deputy gambling czars. To me the incident suggested that Chicago had some deputy gambling czars, and angry ones at that.

Then there is the colorful notation, fraught with meaning, that the *American* is housed in the left wing of Tribune Tower. Mr. Gart surely knows how to turn a phrase. However, it's unfortunate but factual that the tower faces west and the *American* offices are in the north, or right, wing.

Apparently Mr. Gart viewed the tower, as he viewed the rest of the subject matter, from a vantage point somewhere cross the street. This outside look is interesting enough but apt to be a bit warped.

WARREN E. LOGELIN.

Westchester, Ill.

ROLE OF HIGH SCHOOL JOURNALISM

JOHN TEBBEL's provocative article, "Where Are the New Recruits?" [*SR*, Sept. 8], overlooks the powerful role of the high school journalism teacher in finding more talent for mass communications. It is frequently the high school journalism teacher or publications adviser who becomes the would-be journalist's first contact with mass communications as a vocation. Even though this be through the amateur venture of a high school newspaper or yearbook, it does kindle an interest.

For example, a study I completed five years ago of thirty-two Montana State University School of Journalism students showed that nineteen had taken a high school journalism course and twenty-four had worked on a high school newspaper or yearbook. Only fourteen, however, had received encouragement from a high school journalism teacher or publications sponsor to try professional journalism.

I think this lack of encouragement from high school teachers exists because so many of them are unacquainted with what mass communications today really is. Few have had much college or professional work in it. Progress is being made in educating them about journalism as a profession, especially through the summer study grants of the Newspaper Fund. But more

'HOW'D YOU LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER MARRYIN' ONE OF THEM . . . ?'

Mississippi: It Hurts Us All

THE United States government has won the battle it had to win in Mississippi: James Howard Meredith has been formally enrolled in the University of Mississippi.

But the whole nation has paid dearly for the victory.

The relatively quiet scene of the slender 29-year-old Negro being enrolled by reluctant officials of Ole Miss was eclipsed by the shouting and screaming and shooting of frenzied mobs futilely trying to perpetuate inequality and injustice.

The Kennedy administration did everything it could to avoid this trauma for the body politic. It proceeded carefully, reasonably and unemotionally in its attempts to get Gov. Ross R. Barnett and the state of Mississippi to obey the law of the land, to obey the flurry of federal court orders for the registration of Meredith at Ole Miss.

The administration, acting through the Justice Department, indulged in no name calling; it succumbed to no intemperate or impetuous actions; like many an unhappy father, it acted more in sorrow than in anger.

But Barnett and Mississippi did not respond—until it was too late—to this unemotional legal coercion. Barnett chose to pursue the course of emotionalism, of demagoguery, of irrational parochialism.

Whatever Barnett said at the last minute makes little difference now, for it is obvious to all that his irresponsible defiance of the court orders not only inflamed the segregationists in Mississippi but inspired other segregationists and demagogues in all parts of the country to take up arms—figuratively and literally—against the government of the United States.

The blood spilled in Oxford, Miss., is on the hands of Governor Barnett and all those arch segregationists—in and out of Mississippi—who have endorsed the governor's profoundly reprehensible behavior.

THE rioting, with its deaths and many injuries, is deeply regrettable. Had it not been for Governor Barnett and his crew, this frenzied irrationalism could have been avoided.

In a very real sense, the United States of America had to take arms against itself. The family of states had to discipline one of its members, which persisted in refractory defiance of the family rules despite all pleas and threats and demands.

The disciplinary action was necessary lest other members of the family should begin to think that they, too, can with impunity ignore the rules which govern—and make possible—the family's existence.

But as it always does, the disciplinary action has hurt—both the giver and the receiver.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

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can be done by the mass communicators themselves.

The American Council on Education for Journalism lists members and associates from a multitude of communications organizations. Why is no representative of high school journalism included? Why aren't more high school journalism teachers in professional societies like Sigma Delta Chi and Theta Sigma Phi? It's nice of newspapers like the Chicago *Tribune* to invite local high school journalism teachers to lunch once a year, but why don't they offer them summer employment, or at least the opportunity to see close-range what's going on in communications today? Perhaps then we high school teachers will be better prepared to tell our neophytes the vital reasons why they're needed in journalism tomorrow.

JOHN T. REQUE,
Journalism Teacher,
Evanston Township High School.
Evanston, Ill.

Re: "Where Are the New Recruits?": potential opportunity determines the number as well as the caliber of those entering a given field of endeavor. Is the press in America's smaller cities doing its part to encourage and nurture the budding journalist?

With a few exceptions, purchasing an armful of out-of-town newspapers becomes a depressing experience as one proceeds to examine their contents. On the general news side, they usually contain very little that hasn't been supplied by one or the other of the wire services. Such local reporting as they provide lacks sparkle and tends to be sketchy. Little or nothing in the nature of background material is included.

Coverage of the arts tends to be even more desultory. The visit of a renowned orchestra or a touring theatrical troupe to a small community isn't often reviewed in the true sense of the term—it is reported and that's about all. If there are men on the staff capable of making a readable evaluation in clear, concise prose, they rarely are afforded the opportunity. After all, the sponsors of these cultural events might take umbrage at a less than ecstatic notice. That reader interest would be stimulated is of minor concern.

As for the heart of such newspapers—the editorial page—much of the available space these days has been surrendered to syndicated columnists. The local contribution busies itself with such "safe" topics as a boost for the community chest drive or an exhortation urging readers to watch their step at the intersection of Main and State Streets, lest the accident rate increase.

Fear of giving offense appears to be the guiding consideration. The possibility that the reader is apt to be bored by a steady diet of noncontroversial material evidently assumes secondary importance. The small-city press is blissfully content in its familiar and well-worn rut.

Obviously there isn't much appeal for the budding journalist in so constricted a milieu. Neither is he likely to achieve recognition by metropolitan editors as a result of his term of apprenticeship in a community whose newspaper—usually there is only one—is to all intents and purposes unenterprising and hidebound. Reform, if it is to come, must originate at the grass roots or recruitment will become still more complex.

THOMAS G. MORGANSEN.
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

"ANTI-ADVERTISING" EDUCATORS?

WITH REFERENCE to advertising man Walter Guild's charge (cited in Peter Bart's article "Knocking Eggheads," *SR*, Sept. 8) that educators are "anti-advertising" and "induce their prejudices in young people," I must protest against Mr. Bart's noble efforts to let me and my colleagues off the hook by claiming that Guild's charge against us "cannot be proved." Of course it can! Here in my own bailiwick, a required four-year course in public speaking, I am constantly "inducing my prejudice" in young people. My task is no longer as challenging as it was once, however. The students need less and less inducing. In fact, I often find myself defending Madison Avenue just to keep a discussion going.

Before Mr. Guild protests to our trustees about what is going on here, let me clarify a couple of points. A public speaking class deals mainly with the art of persuasion. It also stresses critical listening—or the art of "knowing when to shut the damn thing off." This involves some semantics, plus practice in recognizing orderly, logical presentation and analysis of supportive evidence. Now, any student worth his salt learns quickly that there are certain primitive devices of persuasion such as noisy repetition ("Sieg Heil! . . . Sieg Heil! . . . Sieg Heil!"), name-calling, the plain-folks gambit, the appeal to status, etc. When students overwork these old gimmicks, their classmates become embarrassed and wish they were somewhere else—that is, if we have done our job properly. We like to think these students are equally sensitive outside the classroom; that they react in similar fashion to an absurd detergent commercial on television, or to a full page featuring the Big New Look in something or other.

The Russians regard semantics and critical listening as dirty capitalist tricks, and have developed the art of hoodwinking through words and pictures to the status of an academic discipline. If Mr. Guild prefers it that way, the market in Russia must be wide open. Meanwhile, he might ponder that remarkable understatement attributed by Mr. Bart to another advertising man, Charles F. Adams, to the effect that "there are signs that a sizable intellectual market is developing in this country." There may be something to it! Why doesn't someone run it up a flag pole?

CHARLES L. TODD,
Department of Public Speaking,
Hamilton College.
Clinton, N.Y.

Free Lance

Continued from page 63

book publishing money today is in tl subsidiary rights. The success formula is a timely book by a prominent name on a hot contemporary theme. Robert Ruark's recent "Uhuru" is a perfect example. Where this will lead is obvious. As the "big" names die off, no little names will be growing, because they will not be published. Writers will break into book publishing full-blown, after making a reputation elsewhere. It may well be that the budding novelist of the future will claw his way to a reputation exclusively in paperback, never knowing boards until he is "big."

What is the free lance doing to sustain himself in this rapidly changing world? He is writing fewer magazine pieces, but polishing them better. He is writing much less fiction—most of the short story writers and only mildly successful novelists are out lecturing to make a living. He is happy now with $750 markets which yesteryear he scorned, and writing twice as many

words for the same gross income. He is ghosting autobiographies of famous illiterates, and "as told to" biographies of newsworthy subjects. And he has found a new source of income in company biography, a growing field. Big corporations today are reaching their hundredth anniversaries, and recording these milestones in industrial histories. Free-lance writers, because of their independence, can do an honest job on these volumes. If the corporation has much to hide, its own public relations department writes the book.

Some free lances are writing continuity for comic strips. Some are bootlegging scripts to the salaried television writers who have run out of ideas. And some—in fact many—are not working at all. They are out hunting for a payroll job.

By the way, if you know of any obscure college that needs a teache of the practical writing crafts, and could use a fellow with twenty-two years of experience in writing for all of the mass media, let me know. I may be available shortly.

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Travel

Continued from page 31

under my bed. I flipped on the light. It was after three. I slipped into a pair of trousers, grabbed a topcoat and camera, climbed carefully upstairs, and went through the swinging door to the terrace. There by the light of the artificial moon two huge rhinos were fencing with their tusks over the licking rights to a corner of the salt pan. I waited for the elephants but they never came, and I climbed back into the bunk to salvage what was left of the night.

The idea for Treetops germinated some thirty years ago when Captain Alfred Sheldrick, a farmer, venturing into the forest beyond the limits of his property, came upon a clearing set with a natural pool, a favorite rendezvous, he had heard, of elephants and other animals that wandered down the forest trails in search of water. In nearby Nyeri, Eric Sherbrooke Walker, who was modernizing his Outspan Hotel, heard of Sheldrick's discovery and asked the captain to build a small house with a porch in the branches of a mgumu, a wild fig tree. The first visitors came in 1932. Twenty years later, on the 749th visit to Treetops, an odd circumstance of fate made the house in the mgumu tree famous around the world. Its guests that day were Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, who arrived in mid-afternoon when forty-seven elephants, including three bulls and five cows with young calves, were on the salt pan. At great risk, but with enormous courage, the Princess walked silently across the forest floor and climbed the ladder.

Soon after the princess had taken her observation post in the tree, two male waterbucks came racing out of the forest and fought in the pool, one ramming its horns into the belly of the other. All night long rhinos and elephants came and went, and when she finally came down from the tree the Princess described the night as one of the most thrilling experiences of her life. What she did not yet know was that at home in England her father, King George VI, had died, and she had become Queen. The injured waterbuck was found dead several days later and its stuffed head hangs now in the lobby of the Outspan, a celebrated souvenir of a memorable night.

During the Mau-Mau trouble, supplies were stolen from Treetops by the terrorists and finally, when porters, bringing food for the hotel, began to drop supplies for the raiders hidden in the forest, the strange inn was closed. The Mau-Mau replied by burning down the mgumu tree. In 1957, after the trouble had been suppressed, a new Treetops was begun 200 yards from the old one. It was a hazardous undertaking, interrupted from time to time by herds of elephant and dyspeptic rhinos that sent the workmen clambering into the trees. But the inn reopened, more luxurious than ever, and a night in its upholstered limbs remains one of the prime experiences for anyone on a shootless safari.

Whatever the appurtenances of Treetops, they can scarcely match the pure swank of the Mount Kenya Safari Club, thirty-eight miles away, in which the American film actor William Holden has a large interest. From the manorial main house, which used to be the old Mawingo Hotel, the crew-cut grounds roll down to an open heated swimming pool with the enormous hulk of Mount Kenya rising 17,056 feet behind it. Swans glide on the reed-edged lagoon and peacocks strut along the boulevard of elegant villas that are fitted with cedar-paneled walls, sunken baths, white phones, and fireplaces in use the year around to take the chill off the 7,000-foot altitude. There are more modest quarters, too, and it is possible to encamp at the club for as little as $15 a day, meals included. As a convenience, Holden has built a complete movie studio on the grounds, and he uses it or rents it to companies working with African locales. Tenting at night is no longer necessary for big-game hunters who join the Mount Kenya Safari Club, which maintains shooting rights over a million acres, keeps ten white hunters on call, and promises to arrange instant safaris complete with skinners, gun bearers, and trackers. Leopard, buffalo, rhino, eland, bongo, forest hog, Thomson's gazelle, and, as the admen like to say, much, much more, are waiting in the nearby woodlands. Hunters can keep the same hours they might under canvas, going out from five to nine-thirty each morning, returning for a late breakfast, then out again at four, to return at eight when the air at the club grounds is heavy with giant honeysuckle, the drooping moonflowers are wet with mountain dew, and there is no place to go except three steps down into the steaming sunken bath. As a wise scholar said long ago, where there is a Hollywood, there is a way.

—Horace Sutton.

(Second of a series.)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

DOMESTICATED FOWL

If you think the poets, old and new, have neglected the duck, the hen, the goose, *et id genus omne*, you've got another quack (or cluck) coming. Lysañder Kemp of Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico, submits various citations to prove bardic devotion to the feathered tribe, barnyard division, and asks you to assign the correct quote to the correct author. Cracked corn dispensed on page 77.

1. The lazy geese, like a snow cloud, ( ) Eudora Welty
   Dripping their snow on the green grass
2. A hen ( ) Edward Lear
   I keep which, creeking day by day,
   Tells when
   She goes her long white egg to lay.
3. I remember a swan under the willows ( ) Richard Wilbur
   Oxford, with flamingo-colored, maple-leaflike feet
4. At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make ( ) Robert Herrick
   Ambiguous undulations as they sink,
   Downward to darkness, on extended wings.
5. You cross the road in the teeth of Pontiacs ( ) John Crowe Ransom
   As over a threshold, into waving, gregarious grasses,
   Welcome wherever you go—the Guinea Sisters.
6. The pride of the peacock is the glory of God. ( ) Wallace Stevens
7. And who so happy,—O who ( ) Marianne Moore
   As the Duck and the Kangaroo?
8. Neither pale nor bright, ( ) William Blake
   The turkey-cock parades
   Through red ant splendors, darkly auspicious as
   The ace of spades.

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Movies

Continued from page 27

longs to producer-director Robert Aldrich, whose persistence brought the film into being in the first place, and whose considerable talents brought it off in the second. The story, sheer Grand Guignol, has two sisters living in the same house and loathing each other. Bette Davis, a former child star, blames her sister for ruining her career; while Joan Crawford, a star of the Thirties, is confined to a wheelchair after an accident supposedly caused by "Baby Jane" during a drunken spree. When Davis discovers that Crawford is planning to sell the house behind her back, the grisly fun begins. What Aldrich has done with such *brio* is to give that fun—and his co-stars—free reign. There is no backing off from big moments, no toning down of the emotions (although the gorier passages do take place outside of camera range). Scenes run off at top pitch and white heat, and the film's 132 minutes race by in considerably less time than a "Perry Mason."

Only kind words, too, for the film adaptation of Tennessee Williams's "**Period of Adjustment**"—and particularly for Isobel Lennart, who did the adapting. Miss Lennart has written numerable screenplays in the past twenty years, and invariably with distinction. Here she goes a step farther, shaping and sharpening a lesser play of Williams until it seems as if it should have been written for the screen in the first place, and adding dialogue of her own that not only stands up alongside of Williams's, but imperceptibly blends in with it. Williams was in a rare, jovial mood when he wrote his comedy of two young couples adjusting, not altogether successfully, to married life; but, as always, he drew his people with compassion and depth. As a result, George Roy Hill, making his debut as a film director, had a great deal to work with, and was able to elicit perceptive performances from an attractive cast headed by Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and (especially) Lois Nettleton as an ugly duckling who thinks she was married for her money. Credit, too, the appropriately tacky sets created by George Davis and Edward Carfagno, and an amusing, sprightly score by Lyn Murray, to make this one of the most winning adult entertainments of the year.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 7, 8, 2, 1, 4, 3, 6

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(Continued on page 78)

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(Continued from page 77)

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1751 HOUSE, furnished, February through mid-September, 1963. 5 fireplaces, 2½ baths, dishwasher, contemporary library wing. Small pond, 53 wooded acres, studio-shack, $150 month. George Hemphill, Old Canterbury Road, Hampton, Connecticut.

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIFORNIA, oceanfront home available December 23rd-March 23rd. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths. $250 month. References required. Box A-389.

HOUSE WANTED

BOSTON AREA (60 miles). Large house with wooded acreage; indicate tilled land, describe fully. Desired by summer 1963. Box A-506.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico.

EXCHANGES—THAT'S ALL! Relocating? Vacationing? List your property for trade (no exclusives) or temporary exchange anywhere—North America and Europe. Exchange Realty, 30 North La Salle Street, Chicago 2, Illinois.

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

Furnished

NYACK, N.Y. 3 rooms, terrace, river view. References. $150. 914-EL-8-4680.

FURNISHED APARTMENT—Chapala area, Mexico. Sheppard, 19027 Inglewood, Cleveland 16, Ohio.

OFFICE SPACE AVAILABLE

ATTRACTIVE OFFICE, lower Fifth Avenue. Suitable writer, researcher, etc. Telephone service optional. Call Miss Rees, ALgonquin 4-2233 NYC.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SECLUSION: within 45 minutes of White House. Natural hilly woodlands, thickly covered holly and dogwood. In protected 5 acre Reserve across from Mt. Vernon. Overnight cabin—electric stove and refrigerator. $10,500. Box A-217.

COLORADO—640 acre ski-slope on Colorado's highest mountain. Fishing, lake. Superb timber. Box A-513.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BOOKSHOP. Ideal business—prime location. $17,500. Established 1951. Desert Bookshop, Palm Springs, California.

PROSPEROUS BOOKSHOP for sale in Westchester County, N.Y. Well established in a high-income community; beautifully equipped, good location. Ideal situation for a couple interested in books and suburban community cultural activities. Such a couple can comfortably draw about $12,000 plus a year at present volume. Firm price is $25,000 cash plus inventory at cost at time of closing. Write indicating financial ability to Box A-396.

CAMPS

VENI, VIDI: next year my boy (girl) will be in an "ideal" camp. Now is the time to write, visit the Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer, New Jersey.

SUMMERLANE—An American Summerhill. Room 811, 225 Lafayette, New York 12.

A CAMP OF NOTE: All instruments, Voice, Concerts, Recitals, Trips, Swimming, Sports. Accredited Music Teachers and Counselors. Empire State Music Camp, Hurleyville, N.Y., Joseph LaRuffa, Music Director.

VACATIONS

RELAX—In the Sarasota County Vacation Area. Home of famous artists, writers, architects. Art, music, theatre, lectures, fun attractions. Miles of white sand beaches, semi-tropical Keys. Fishing in Gulf of Mexico and Bays. Best golf. Luxury accommodations to simple beach cottages. Tell us what you want; let us send fact-filled brochure. Write: Sarasota County Chamber of Commerce, P.O. Box 308C, Sarasota, Florida.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful beach, tropical setting. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $15.20 double occupancy, American Plan, summer rate. Newly decorated. Elevator. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $11 to $15 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

(Continued on page 80, Column 2)

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CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

VACATIONS

(Continued from page 79)

NOTHING TO OFFER but gracious living at the beautiful Alabama Hotel in Winter Park, Florida. Spacious tropical park making out-of-doors living a delight. 1,500 feet private frontage on Lake Maitland. Every opportunity to enjoy Central Florida and the unsurpassed winter climate to the fullest. Cultural, private club atmosphere. American Plan. $13 to $18. Inquire about special rates for year round occupancy.

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THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Open fires, snug beds, food aplenty. Brochure.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

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TUCSON, ARIZONA. WILMOT INN provides swimming pool, beautiful gardens, friendliness, exceptional food, transportation to University functions. Apartments, patio rooms—European plan. Address 330 South Wilmot.

FOR THOSE WHO want every facility and service, plus the tranquillity of casual beach life, write THE FIELDS for literature about their delightful COLONY BEACH RESORT, on Longboat Key, Sarasota, Florida.

MEXICO — American Plan, from $4.00. Each bedroom with bath, fireplace. Full information: La Quinta, Jocotepec, Jalisco.

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BLUEBERRY HILL! Christmas! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont.

BEACH CLUB COLONY, Grand Cayman, W.I., on famous six mile beach. Balmy temperatures, all water sports, fishermen's paradise. Gourmet cooking. Agents protected. Reservations, brochure, 64 LaSalle Drive, Yonkers, N.Y. SPencer 9-4327.

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NASSAU, BAHAMAS—Ocean Spray Guest House. Facing beach. Cheap! Box 1558, Nassau.

TRAVEL

MEXICO. Write today for free official information letter and illustrated folders. MEXICAN GOVERNMENT TOURISM DEPARTMENT, Paseo Reforma 35, Mexico City, D.F.

CRUISE SMOOTH BAHAMIAN WATERS aboard 84 foot schooner yacht, GULLIVER. Available year round for private parties of 4 to 12. Sailing, fishing, skin diving, exploring islands and quaint settlements. Total informality. Excellent cuisine. Fully licensed crew. Competitive rates. Our 9th year. Write air mail for folder and references: Bahamas Cruising Club, POB 22, Nassau, Bahamas.

TRAVEL

SOUTH PACIFIC ODYSSEY. Mrs. Gladys Long conducts her second annual luxury cruise tour, [illegible]ng aboard Matson's SS MONTEREY March 17th, [illegible], seeing Bora Bora, Papeete, Moorea, Rarotonga, [illegible]w Zealand (8 days touring Auckland, Rotorua, Wairakei, Geyser Valley, Waitomo Glow Worm Cave, Christchurch, spectacular Milford Sound, Te Anau, Mt. Cook), Australia (Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney), Fiji Isles, Niuafollou, Pago Pago, and Honolulu. 43 days, beginning San Francisco. From $2,773. All shore excursions and comprehensive sightseeing, special entertainments included. The best hotels. For brochure and reservations, write Mrs. Gladys A. Long, Maupintour Associates, The Malls, Lawrence, Kansas.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath; free swimming pool; family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skin-diving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

EXPLORE OFFBEAT MEXICO. Write Mr. Jordan, 265 West 14th, NYC 11, Suite 614. ALgonquin 5-3410.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

EUROPEAN Summer Adventure Tour. Congenial group. Ferero, G.W.U., Washington 6, D.C.

CORFU, DELPHI, AND AEGEAN ISLES. Ask for fully illustrated brochure on the new Loverly W[illegible] holiday through Greece, the Greek Isles, including Mykonos and Rhodes, plus the highlights of Europe. Write Maupintour, Folder SLW, 400 Madison Avenue, New York 17.

A WEEKEND IN NEW YORK AT BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL is the greatest! New, special package rates for two- and three-day visits are available. Write or call for information. If you're driving, ask for the road map showing how to avoid city traffic. You'll be near everything—steps from the United Nations, theatres, shops, museums and art galleries. Two excellent restaurants serve delicious food at moderate prices. The fascinating Top o' the Tower Cocktail Lounge offers magnificent views of the East River and the city as well as expertly prepared refreshments. Don't miss the fun! BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49th Street and 1st Avenue, New York 17, 212-ELdorado 5-7300.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 20th edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.50 postpaid. (No C.O.D.s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates are traditional at the Tudor Hotel in New York City. Comfortable accommodations, including private bath, from $30 weekly. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YUkon 6-8800.

PRINCETON AND RADCLIFFE GRADUATES conducting cultural tour through Europe next summer. [illegible] of twelve boys and girls ages 17-21. Price: $[illegible]. References required. Write William B. Floyd, [illegible] Pike, Lexington, Kentucky.

MEXICO—Ten delightful days—Acapulco, Taxco, Cuernavaca. All Mexican arrangements $140.00—car, driver, hotels, many meals, sightseeing. Independent travel—leave any day. Write Lutes Travel Specialists, Box 750, Mankato, Minnesota.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1493

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Portuguese knight, reputed author of "Amadis de Gaul" (14th cent.).

B. Knitted and slipped stitches to make the finished edge in knitting (2 wds.).

C. Unreservedly.

D. Snubbed.

E. Where one should find any known place on the Earth (3 wds.).

F. Great Arctic explorer, author (1879–1962).

G. Brit. Univ. slang for students not attached to special colleges.

H. Letters of our alphabet most likely to stand at both ends of words.

I. The misbehavior of a child.

J. Familiar name for the European Economic Community (2 wds.).

K. Inordinately desirous of power and glory.

L. One of four accepted spellings for an Oriental dish of meat with rice, etc.

M. Bricks alternately projecting at the end of a wall so as to be bonded into a continuation of it.

WORDS

182 178 158 189 119 66 174

152 1 71 159 107 23 129 21

168 37 3 92 143 29 59 198

14 52 80 46 94 127 163 173

78 140 194 64 104 55 11 146

32 86 95 191 19 136 197 111 40 6

63 171 69 131 101 160 165

135 24 22 81 42

84 27 13 7 121 112 128 35 56 17 47

39 148 33 187 83 9 134 31 99 62 113 177

196 149 170 157 130 72 45 91 137

188 138 20 125 166 89

58 155 50 162 18 116 10 175

DEFINITIONS

N. Admiral Peary's daughter, born farther north than any other white child, 1893.

O. Disconnected.

P. Scottish apostle of Christianity who evangelized the southern Picts (4th cent.).

Q. Representation of the undraped human form which so distressed our Victorian forebears (3 wds.).

R. The practice in philosophy or medicine of choosing methods from several — often opposed—schools of thought.

S. Inclined to colorlessness

T. Young Italian girl in Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister", made the subject of an Ambroise Thomas opera.

U. Perforated vessel to hold residue of burned wood, through which to dissolve out lye (2 wds.).

V. Number of pounds and shillings to be spent, in Mr. Micawber's example of thrift.

W. Sweet, purplish-black wine grapes introduced into California from Mexico.

X. Skill and ease in using the hands.

WORDS

105 184 68 120 4 109 53 90

44 106 103 2 145 67 147 108 172 123

79 8 117 5 34 49

75 164 85 181 150 38 161 26 12

98 43 156 15 144 122 77 193 114 36 51

141 124 54 25 133 153 180

73 100 185 41 139 61

70 151 87 142 183 97 195 192 167

110 186 102 65 154 176 74 28

169 15 118 57 60 93 115 76

132 30 96 126 88 190 48 179 82

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 B	2 O	3 C	4 N	5 P	6 F	7 I		8 P	9 J		10 M	11 E	12 Q	13 I	14 D	15 R
	16 W	17 I		18 M	19 F	20 L	21 B		22 H	23 B		24 H	25 S	26 Q	27 I	28 V
29 C	30 X		31 J	32 F		33 J	34 P	35 I	36 R		37 C	38 Q	39 J	40 F	41 T	42 H
43 R	44 O	45 K	46 D	47 I		48 X		49 P	50 M	51 R	52 D	53 N	54 S	55 E	56 I	57 W
	58 M	59 C	60 W	61 T	62 J		63 G	64 E	65 V	66 A	67 O		68 N	69 G		70 U
	71 B	72 K	73 T	74 V	75 Q	76 W	77 R	78 E	79 P		80 D	81 H	82 X	83 J	84 I	85 Q
	86 F	87 U	88 X		89 L	90 N	91 K	92 C		93 W	94 D		95 F	96 X	97 U	98 R
99 J	100 T	101 G	102 V	103 O	104 E		105 N	106 O	107 B		108 O	109 N	110 V	111 F	112 I	113 J
114 R	115 W		116 M	117 P	118 W	119 A	120 N	121 I	122 R		123 O	124 S	125 L	126 X		127 D
128 I	129 B	130 K	131 G		132 X	133 S	134 J	135 H	136 F	137 K	138 L	139 T	140 E		141 S	142 U
143 C	144 R	145 O		146 E	147 O	148 J	149 K	150 Q	151 U	152 B	153 S		154 V	155 M		156 R
157 K	158 A	159 B	160 G	161 Q	162 M	163 D		164 Q	165 G		166 L	167 U	168 C	169 W		170 K
171 G	172 O	173 D	174 A	175 M	176 V		177 J	178 A		179 X	180 S	181 Q		182 A	183 U	184 N
185 T		186 V	187 J	188 L	189 A	190 X	191 F	192 U	193 R	194 E		195 U	196 K	197 F	198 C	

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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Adieux de Napoléon à La Garde Impériale à Fontainebleau. Détail de la peinture par E.J.H.Vernet.

Napoleon bids farewell to his Imperial Guard at Fontainebleau, April 20, 1814, shortly before abdicating. General Petit, Commandant, embraces him.

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